THE NATION

AUGUST 16, 1971 50 cents

Sen. Ernest Hollings:

EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE

Robert Sherrill

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LETTERS

attention young voters

New York City

DEAR SIRS: We know you share our concern for the voting rights of your readers—particularly your young readers, aged 18 to 21, who will exercise their new legal right for the first time in 1972.

But if they are to vote in the June 20, 1972 New York State Presidential primary, they must be registered and enrolled in a political party by October 2, 1971, some nine months in advance. Unfortunately, most young people are unaware of this deadline; only 17 per cent of potential 18-to-21-year-old voters in New York State are currently registered. Consequently, there is a real possibility that some three-quarters of a million 18-to-21-year-old voters will find themselves disenfranchised next June unless they are informed of the deadline this summer. . . .

We shall be happy to answer questions. Contact The First Vote Committee, 501 Lexington Ave., Suite 311, New York, N. Y. 10017. Telephone number PL 5-1400, Ext. 311.

Tom Bernstein

oil quiet

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The oil industry's concern with the rising public suspicion about the role of oil in the war in Indochina is spelled out in a highly revealing article in *Oil and Gas Journal* (June 28), the house organ of the industry.

It bluntly rebukes Saigon for committing a serious blunder in speeding up plans for leasing its offshore areas in the South China Sea for oil exploration. The action can only result in giving support to absurd charges that the war is being prolonged to preserve profits of U.S. oil companies. Saigon—it claims—is ignoring the political uproar raised by some misguided Americans (see "The Political Economy of War" by Douglas F. Dowd and "Offshore Oil Sweepstakes" by Michael Tanzer, *The Nation*, June 28) and the ticklish political position faced on this issue by the U.S. Government and American oil companies.

"Oil was cleared of any Vietnam involvement and all charges were proven unfounded" (it does not say by whom), but the *Oil and Gas Journal* goes on: ". . . the Saigon decision revives this fiction and throws the oil industry right into the middle of a furious debate over U.S. disentanglement from the war. The U.S. Government must exert all its pressure . . . to persuade Saigon to delay the leasing.

"This does not mean that South Vietnam must keep its oil in deep freeze forever. . . . The oil will still be there a few months from now when most U.S. troops will have withdrawn and the international oil companies will be ready to help to develop any oil reserves found."

The industry is clearly trying hard to silence Saigon and bury the issue. With the cooperation of the sympathetic Administration the entire subject will soon be classified, with the "Top Secret" stamp getting another well-oiled workout.

Theodore Schoenman

investigating the FBI

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In April, the Committee for Public Justice and the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton University announced a joint study of the structure, role and powers of the FBI in American society. The study will be conducted by lawyers, scholars, writers, former agents and investigative reporters from all over the country.

In July, a small group met at Princeton to plan the scope and nature of the study in detail. It was agreed to commission papers on the use of informers, electronic surveillance, the political responsibility of the FBI, the bureau and organized crime, the FBI and civil rights, the selling

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EDITORIALS

Why Not Cuba?

Before or after his upcoming flight to Peking, President Nixon should give consideration to a similar flight to Havana. If he proposes to normalize relations with China, the thought of normalizing them with Cuba should not frighten him. The immediate prospects of trade with Cuba would actually be somewhat more promising than trade with China. And there could be other gains. For example, he might induce the Cubans to return to this country any hijackers who took a plane to Havana. The Cubans have been very decent about letting passengers and crews of hijacked planes return to Miami and have treated them with courtesy and consideration. There is no reason to believe they want to retain the hijackers—a dangerous lot—and they should be willing to return them promptly to this country for trial. Hijacking is a crime against the laws of the country from which the flight originated, not those of the country where the plane lands. If the hijacker claims the right of political asylum, the claim could be judged on its merits as any claim would be.

The two most recent hijackings involved a plane that was flown to Havana and another case in which the hijacker was shot and killed by FBI marksmen on a runway at Kennedy Airport. In the latter case, incidentally, a small blue signal light on a metal-sensing device was tripped when the passenger boarded the plane. If these sensing devices are to do any good, the signal should have been followed up by an immediate and thorough search of the passengers and their possessions. But the search did not take place. The best practical remedy, as we have pointed out before, is to search passengers—search them, not just glance at them.

Agreements should be negotiated which would require the return of the hijacker. Because Cuba is so close at hand, and has no agreement with this country, it has naturally been the target of most hijackers. But before such an agreement can be negotiated we must first establish relations with Cuba. Why not send Dr. Kissinger on a super-secret mission to Havana to lay the foundations for a subsequent visit by the President?

The U.S. men's volley ball team has requested visas to play a series of games in Cuba in an attempt to qualify for the 1972 Olympic Games. The request can hardly be denied. If ping-pong, why not volley ball? If China, why not Cuba?

Sorry About That

There they were, their photographs on the front page of *The New York Times*, John Stewart Service and John Paton Davies, distinguished former foreign service officers of the State Department, who had concluded their testimony before a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. One newspaper had subtitled the photographs "The Resurrection."

It must have seemed like a resurrection to these men who had been hounded out of the service in the 1950s and have since lived in obscurity, Service as a library official at the University of California, in the Center for

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Chinese Studies, and Davies as a furniture maker in Latin America. "If the present approach to Mao and Chou had taken place twenty-five years ago," Davies is quoted as saying, "we might have been spared two wars." And so we might.

Then one finds a full page in *Newsweek* devoted to O. E. Clubb, a colleague of Service and Davies, with the caption "A Diplomat Vindicated." The story does not mention that Clubb's troubles began when the late Whittaker Chambers maliciously related a meaningless incident about him. He was, of course, vindicated even then, in 1952, but resigned from the service bitterly contending that his career had been irreparably damaged. "We've had twenty years of error," he insists, and who can doubt that statement?

Then from *Time* one learns that "few Westerners are as familiar with China and its leaders" as Edgar Snow. Can anyone doubt it? But what happened to Snow after *The Saturday Evening Post* let him leave for lack of assignments? If he is an outstanding authority now, and he is, why wasn't any greater use made of his journalistic skill and special knowledge during all those intervening years when he lived more or less as a reporter-in-exile?

Reading these stories about the "resurrection" and "vindication" of these men suggests that the Establishment and the Establishment press were in effect saying "sorry about that." But can fifteen or twenty years carved out of the careers of such men be replaced with a phrase or a photograph?

All four men have been magnanimous about their experience, one having said "oh, well, it was an age of stupidities." But was it only stupidity that drove Service, Davies and Clubb from the service to which they had devoted so many years? Stupidity, yes, but cowardice as well—the failure of those who knew the real facts to come to their defense—and the crass self-interest of politicians eager to exploit the theme "The Democrats have given China to the Communists." There is no point in naming these politicians—and the list would be too long—but the best known of them has announced he would soon be flying to Peking.

A Matter of Models

"The rules of economics are not working in quite the way they used to," Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, conceded in recent testimony before the Joint Economics Committee. This, to Leonard Silk of *The New York Times,* "was distressing news. It was like an explorer's discovering that in the vicinity of the North Pole, his compass spun around and pointed south-southwest instead of north." The particular rule Mr. Burns referred to was the one that says that an increase in the slack of the economy and in unemployment will cause a slowdown in inflation. But John Kenneth Galbraith insists that the growing market power of the giant corporations and big unions has rendered the classic and Keynesian remedies for inflation and unemployment irrelevant. The difficulty, then, would seem to relate to models, not to rules. Presumably the rules would still yield predictable results if applied to a relevant model.

Paul Sweezy has made the point, in *Monthly Review,*

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that every scientific theory rests on a paradigm or model. "The questions any science asks," he writes, "are fundamentally limited and conditioned by the underlying paradigm which in time thus becomes a hindrance rather than a stimulus to further advance. When this happens, the science in question enters into a period of crisis. The previously existing consensus among its practitioners crumbles." What is then needed is a new paradigm, that is, a new conception of reality, which will once again form the basis for a new advance in the science. Today we need a new post-Keynesian model of reality. What with massive loans to Lockheed, giant farm subsidies to those who need them least, and huge military contracts let without competitive bidding, *laissez faire* is merely the echo of a meaningless phrase in the loyal memory of Sen James Buckley. If the fault is with the model, not the rules, the problem of reorientation is even more serious than Mr. Silk suggests.

The Pentagon Has the Money

The Scientists' Institute for Public Information calls attention to the keynote address of its chairman, Dr. Barry Commoner, before the Council of Europe in Stockholm. Speaking to specialists in public health, Dr. Commoner left no doubt that the United States, in particular, is in environmental crisis because of the unchecked growth of ecologically damaging technology, especially since the end of World War II. He reached this conclusion after a detailed study under his direction at Washington University's Center for the Biology of Natural Systems.

Almost the sole consideration in production has been the anticipated short-term economic gain, without regard to the degradation of the environment. Ecologically sound technologies are available or can be developed, but will call for a comprehensive overhaul of current practices. In many areas these transformations will be costly and entail a reordering of economic and political priorities. There is a limit to the usual practice of passing the cost on to the consumer. Where, then, is the money (and the resources) to come from?

The situation is much the same in all the technologically advanced countries, but Dr. Commoner points out that, under present conditions, even the affluent United States does not command the huge capital resources required for the transformation of industry and agriculture along sound ecological lines. If Americans are in earnest in their desire for a healthful environment, they must compel their leaders to forgo military obsessions—the environment must take precedence over imperialist ambition masquerading as "defense." "If we are to take the course of ecological wisdom," Dr. Commoner says, "we must accept the even greater wisdom of placing our faith, not in arms which threaten world catastrophe but in the desire which is shared everywhere in the world: for harmony with the environment, and for peace among the people who live in it."

Dr. Commoner's advice should be taken seriously by those for whom ecology is only the latest fad, as well as those who think the environment can be restored by hauling a few offenders before a magistrate. Actually, revolutionary changes are involved.

How About a Panda or Two?

One benefit the United States might derive from Mr. Nixon's projected trip to China (assuming it isn't called off) is in the line of zoological entertainment. American children love pandas, and American zoos haven't got a single panda to offer them. Madame Chiang Kai-shek used to dispense them as international gratuities; the first one reached the United States a few weeks after Pearl Harbor. But in Taiwan there are no pandas, and the last American panda died in 1953, and in the atmosphere of the McCarthy era could not be replaced. The extremes to which American animosity toward China went under McCarthy and John Foster Dulles are revealed by the efforts of American zoos to get a panda which was for sale in London. The dealer was offered $25,000 and was willing to sell at that price, but the State Department ruled that since the dealer had acquired the animal from China, such a purchase would violate the ban on payment of dollars to the Chinese Communists. So the panda, named Chi-Chi, was acquired by the London zoo and, says Murray Schumach in the July 24 *New York Times,* is still an international celebrity there.

Since Madame Chiang departed for Taiwan the Chinese reds have made gifts of pandas to nations of which she would hardly approve—North Korea and the Soviet Union, with whom China was on good terms at the time. Now zoologists in the United States are all excited about the possibility of acquiring pandas through a lowering of tensions between the United States and the People's Republic of China. They would like to get a pair and breed them. The Chinese, it appears, not only corner the market on pandas but know how to breed them in captivity. This calls for technique. In 1956, after extensive diplomatic negotiations, Chi-Chi was introduced to the Moscow panda, Am-Am. Chi-Chi, it seems, having known only friendly Englishmen and probably not even aware that he was a panda, attacked Am-Am, and not by way of rape either. Mr. Schumach reports mournfully that "efforts to reconcile the two failed."

American zoos are willing to pay as much as $60,000 for a single panda, but since this oversize cousin of the raccoon is a favorite American toy, Mr. Nixon could gladden the hearts of American children by bringing one back to the United States with him. Or better, a male and a female. He could exhibit them at the convention and then give them to the San Diego zoo, said to be one of the best in the country. It would practically insure his re-election.

The Right Defendant

District 65, National Council Distributive Workers of America, has always been an innovative union. From time to time its president, David Livingston, has initiated actions that run counter to what passes for the "conventional wisdom" among union officials.

District 65 has now filed an important class action in the U.S. District Court in New York. The union and certain individual plaintiffs are suing President Nixon, the Secretary of Labor, Paul W. McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisers, and other officials for their failure to abide by the clear provisions of the Employment Act of

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1946. Individual plaintiffs include employed and unemployed union members, Vietnam veterans, black Americans, young workers, and others. Plaintiffs are suing on behalf of the 21,000 members of the union and on behalf of a much larger class of approximately 10 million.

The theory of the suit is simple. Section 2 of the Employment Act of 1946, which when it was enacted was widely hailed as marking a new day for the American working class, provides that it is the obligation of the President, among other things, to create and maintain "conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities . . . for those able, willing, and seeking to work, and to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power." To this end, the President is required to submit not later than January 20 of each year, an economic report setting forth a program to achieve these ends. Plaintiffs allege that this the President has not done. On the contrary he has elected to give the "fight against inflation" a clear priority over his duty to maintain full employment. The complaint then alleges that the President has been granted ample power to "issue such orders and regulations . . . to stabilize prices, rents, wages, and salaries at levels not less than those prevailing on May 25, 1970." He has also been given authority to regulate extension of credit. But he has not used these powers. And it is now becoming increasingly clear that his "game plan" for controlling inflation has failed, but he proposes to make no changes in it. The big wage settlements in steel and railroads and the sharp hike in steel prices only emphasize the failure of the "fight against inflation" and the need for wage-and-price controls.

The initiative of the union and its officers in bringing the action is to be commended. It has forced attention on the serious erosion of the Employment Act of 1946 through neglect, default, and, in this case, outright failure to comply with it. Indeed the President is pursuing policies that are inconsistent with the spirit and intention of the Act. Whether the plaintiffs get the mandatory injunction they seek or not, the action should force the Congress and the trade unions to a keener awareness of President Nixon's neglect of his legislative responsibilities.

To Whom It May Concern

The issue of *The Nation* for July 11, 1966 carried an eloquent plea by James Baldwin on behalf of the so-called Harlem Six entitled: "To Whom It May Concern: a Report from Occupied Territory." In April 1964, just before the "long hot summer" of that year, six Harlem boys were accused of a crime of violence. A request for counsel of their own choice was denied on the ground that they were all too young to exercise the right intelligently. So counsel was appointed for them. Later their conviction was reversed by the Court of Appeals on constitutional grounds—the misuse of coerced confessions —although the court went out of its way to say that it found the evidence against them overwhelming. After litigation in the Federal District Court, they finally did get counsel of their own choice in part because other counsel were not anxious to become involved in a long and difficult trial. Severance was granted one of the defendants who was convicted on retrial and his case is now on appeal. The other five were retried this spring and the evidence against them turned out to be a little less than "overwhelming" for the jury could not reach a verdict. One of the defendants has since entered a plea of guilty to a charge of manslaughter as a means, presumably, of being able to apply for parole, since he has served seven years in jail. The others are awaiting a new trial in the fall. Bail was set for some of the defendants at a high figure but none could raise it, so they have been in jail since 1964. The case against them rests basically on alleged confessions, part of which were thrown out by the Court of Appeals and other parts discredited at the retrial. Under the circumstances, it would seem that "the ends of justice"—whatever that phrase means in the context of this case—would be served if the case against these young men, boys when arrested, were to be dismissed. They have served seven years despite the fact that a jury was not unanimously convinced that they were guilty of the offense charged. In jail they have learned to read and write, skills the society had neglected to teach them. As evidence of the fact, we are publishing the following communications, both written by William Craig, one of the defendants, which he managed to send us from the Tombs. They are unedited by us. Those seeking further information can communicate with Mini Shofer, 15 West 85th Street, New York, N. Y. 10024.

My name is William Craig and I am 25 years old. For seven of those years I, along with five other Harlem youths known as "The Harlem 6," have been imprisoned for a crime I did not commit and of which I have not yet been found guilty.

The six of us—all black—are accused of murdering a second-hand clothier on 125th Street in 1964. The criminal in our case, though, is not the six of us but the State of New York and the Manhattan District Attorney's office, who have seldom given any comparable white group in New York such a sentence en masse.

Rep. Bella Abzug, Rep. Charles Rangel, Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, actor Ossie Davis, the Rev. Milton A. Galamison and others have asked Rockefeller and Hogan to probate or parole us.

On September 7, four of us are scheduled to undergo our third trial. But all this summer, community organizations will be working to free us before trial. Please call 595-2481 and join them in helping us. None of you is free unless we are.

The people that govern this doomed society is like a boy. And the persons living under that government is like the boy's dog.

For example: The boy wish to play so he ties his dog to a tree (the dog is use to being tied down) and he go plays with his friends. Now the rope is not fastened to the tree as the dog thought it was. But he sits there barking and crying because he can't play with his master.

Now the master returned and saw that the rope was loose and the dog still there where he left him. So he patted the dog on the head and said "good dog."

But it wasn't the master that held him back. It was the fact that he became so use to being tied that he never realized the loose rope.

WILLIAM CRAIG

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IMPACT IN HANOI

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD
Mr. Critchfield is on leave from the editorial staff of the Washington Star. *He covered the Vietnamese War for the* Star *from 1964 to 1967. He is the author of* The Long Charade: Political Subversion in the Vietnam War.

One of the most fascinating ramifications of President Nixon's journey to Peking will be its effects on the long-standing doctrinal dispute within the Hanoi Politburo, which could have great bearing on the way the war is settled and the future of Indochina.

Since the present phase of the Indochina conflict got going in 1959 and 1960, Hanoi's Politburo leadership has been divided into two conflicting doctrinal camps, one fairly slavishly following China and the other, today in power, striking out ideologically on its own. In recent years this conflict has crystallized around two personalities: Le Duan, 64, who ran Hanoi's clandestine operations and internal party apparatus until succeeding Ho Chi Minh as top man in 1969, and Truong Chinh, 63, a one-time propagandist for Mao in China and author of the foremost theoretical works produced by Vietnamese communism, who is currently leader of the national assembly.

Since the 1950s, Chinh has been Mao's chief apologist in Hanoi, so slavishly adhering to Maoist-style forced collectivization that he triggered a bloody peasant revolt in the Red River Delta in 1956, was forced to resign as party leader and fell from grace, but not Politburo membership, after a public "autocriticism." Ho Chi Minh replaced him with Le Duan and ever since the two men have been locked in a power struggle that has taken the form of a doctrinal dispute over how to wage revolutionary war.

In 1959, when Ho ordered the Vietcong uprising against Ngo Dinh Diem's five-year-old government, Le Duan, as a native of the Hue area who had spent most of his adult life either in prison, in Hue, or working underground in the Mekong Delta, had some claim to being a South Vietnamese. In September 1960, he urged his "fellow southerners" to join the newly formed Vietcong guerrilla movement. The National Liberation Front was founded the following December. From then on, Le Duan has identified himself with the Vietcong, always taking credit for its political and military successes and going into eclipse when things go wrong. During the 1960s, Truong Chinh's role was to publish doctrinal matter from time to time, pushing the line that the war should be waged strictly on Maoist principles, tactics and strategy. Chinh's protégé in the North Vietnamese army, Gen. Nguyen Chi Thanh, was sent south eventually to command the Vietcong, some believed to get him out of Hanoi where he was a four-star rival to the North Vietnamese military commander, Vo Nguyen Giap. Chi's death of a "heart attack" was announced by Hanoi in 1967, but whether he was killed in a B-52 raid, was liquidated, or died of natural causes was never established.

Up until the fall of 1964, Le Duan seemed willing to adhere to the Chinese model of "people's wars of national liberation," given a Vietnamese coloration in the published works of Giap and Chinh: A disciplined Communist Party was visualized as running things from behind, while a broad united front conducted a protracted guerrilla struggle from a rural base of armed peasantry. At this time, China was North Vietnam's principal foreign supporter, supplying half of its budget and most of its arms.

Russia's involvement in Vietnam began in 1961, two years after the insurgency broke out in the Mekong Delta, with Khrushchev's reaffirmation of Soviet support for "just wars of national liberation," which were excepted from the doctrine of "peaceful coexistence." In late October 1963, just before the *coup d'état* against Diem, Russia announced its specific support for Hanoi's "war of national liberation" in South Vietnam. This was followed by commitments of money, diplomatic support and arms. The firm pledge of Russian backing appeared to be Le Duan's main justification for departing radically from Maoist principles of protracted peasant warfare in late 1964, when he ordered the first of nine regular North Vietnamese army divisions into the South.

Peking bitterly disapproved. The Chinese took the position that the Vietcong should be waging a classical, long-drawn-out guerrilla campaign to produce a victory that would vindicate Maoism throughout the poor nations. In addition, the larger the forces engaged, the more North Vietnam would have to depend on Russia for scientific modern weapons and the more Hanoi would have to shift to Moscow in the Sino-Soviet dispute. Peking's propagandists warned, "Acting contrary to Mao's theory will lead only to defeat." A similar line was taken by Truong Chinh in Hanoi.

In September 1965, Peking went much further in Marshal Lin Piao's famous declaration, "Long Live the Victory of People's War," in which he postulated the nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America as the "countryside of the world" which would isolate and eventually capture the industrialized northern "cities of the world." While Lin Piao stated unequivocally that a "people's war" would receive encouragement and support from Peking, he also made it clear that each people must fight its own battles. Thus the principle of "self-reliance" could be invoked by the Chinese to withdraw their support in Vietnam if they ever chose to do so, and the doctrinal basis was laid for charges that Hanoi relied too heavily on Russia.

It was not until early 1966 that the dispute between Le Duan and the Maoists in Peking became open and acrimonious. In July of that year Le Duan first publicly challenged Mao's favorite dictum, "Man, not weapons, decides the issue of war." Man in the mass was important, Le Duan said, but so was modern technology. Besides, he went on to argue, the Vietnamese Communists had evolved their own "unique tactical methods," based on

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the teachings of Lenin and applied to concrete situations in South Vietnam, which enabled them to confidently predict success against the United States.

What these were, Le Duan did not spell out until the October 1966 issue of *Hoc Tap*, the North Vietnamese Communist Party organ, appeared with a defense of Le Duan's strategy against the Maoists. Although the article was unsigned, Le Duan has since repeated the argument almost word for word in published works.

The *Hoc Tap* article said:

> On the basis of keeping firm in strategy, our party cleverly applied its tactics; on the one hand it cleverly took advantage of the regional and temporary contradictions of the enemy to sow division among him. On the other, it united with anyone who could be united, won over anyone who could be won over, neutralized anyone who should be neutralized, completely isolated the imperialists and their most dangerous lackeys, and concentrated the spearheads of the attacks against them to overthrow them.

The article gave prominence to a passage from Lenin:

> It is possible to defeat a stronger enemy only through displaying great effort and under the necessary condition of taking advantage very minutely, very attentively, very carefully and very cleverly to any rift, even the smallest one, among the enemy; any contradiction, even the smallest, among the interests of the bourgeoisie of various countries and among the interests of various bourgeois groups and factions in each country.

The article described "culture and ideology" and "regional and temporary contradictions" as the most fruitful fields for applying Lenin's principle. "Anyone who does not understand this truth," he concluded, "understands neither Marxism nor scientific, modern socialism in general." At that time, the "anyone" almost certainly included Truong Chinh and Le Duan's Maoist critics in Peking.

More light on Le Duan's doctrinal thinking was shed when a 26-page letter he wrote to General Thanh in 1966 was captured a year later in January 1967 by American troops. In the letter Le Duan discussed how the human mind can be conditioned to successfully project a series of possible developments over a long period of time and then plan a large number of alternative responses to whatever his opponent might do—instead of responding to the unforeseen with a mixture of planned action and unplanned reaction, as is normal human behavior. He said that through dialectical reasoning one could completely manipulate and dominate masses of people, turning them into perfect tools for a cause. Le Duan had a vision of himself as a master chess player with human pawns, saying that Hanoi's "unique tactic" is based on application of Lenin's classic principle of "exploiting internal contradictions in the enemy camp." To this way of thinking, the way to oppose great force is to find out how to destroy its cohesion and then, when it is fragmented, deal separately with the pieces. Le Duan is not departing from Maoism merely to destroy the enemy militarily in battle with his conventional forces, although these troops are to be used in a supporting role. Instead he aims to destroy the enemy's social structure. What is intended is an operation in civil dissolution and national demoralization, ingeniously conceived and cleverly orchestrated both in South Vietnam and the United States in order that eventually the South Vietnamese and/or the Americans feel they no longer have anything worth fighting for. While outwardly this form of warfare resembles Mao's "people's war of na-

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tional liberation," it is vitally different, since it relies for its central thrust not on peasants swarming into and seizing the cities but the methodical development of a subversive movement that will destroy the cities from within.

The difference is one of emphasis; the Chinese apparently objected to it because of Le Duan's heavy reliance on Russian support. China is boxed in by the sea on the east, central Asia to the west, and the Russians on the north. One can presume China wants to avoid a substantial Soviet presence in postwar Indochina at all costs.

The main Maoist counterattack came from Truong Chinh in April 1968, after the failure of the February Tet offensive to set off a popular uprising. In a lengthy thesis, which by the fall of 1968 won a majority of support in the Politburo, Truong Chinh appealed for a return to classic Maoist principles. Le Duan was attacked for having "underestimated the enemy" and for arguing that "we should not protract the war." Chinh repeatedly echoed Maoist principles, declaring revolutionary war must be protracted and self-reliant, not heavily dependent on foreign, i.e., Russian, help. Attacking Le Duan's defense of modern weapons technology, Chinh reasserted that "in the people's war, the spiritual weapon remains the most powerful." Whereas Le Duan in 1966 had attacked the slavishly pro-Chinese as "those of conservative spirit" who "mechanically copy the past experience of foreign countries," Chinh now retorted, "We should selectively study and practice the experience of the brotherly parties. We should not copy those experiences identically." By May 1968, he had got adoption of a new official rallying cry, "Long drawn-out fight and relying mainly on oneself." But his comeback to the supreme ideological position did not last long. Le Duan returned to predominance after President Johnson agreed on October 31, 1968, to a complete bombing halt and Vietcong representation at the Paris peace talks. By the spring of 1969, Chinh was absent from North Vietnam, reportedly seeking "medical treatment" in East Germany.

At Ho Chi Minh's state funeral in September 1969, Le Duan was clearly back in the driver's seat. He read Ho's will appealing for unity, first among his colleagues in the North Vietnamese Communist Party, and, no less urgently, among his allies in the international Communist movement, obviously, Russia and China. In Ho's will the formulation was that the fight must go on until total victory; the Americans must be expelled, the South liberated, the North defended and the country unified.

Five months later, in February 1970, Le Duan published his major policy statement as Ho's successor. The statement reaffirmed his belief that North Vietnam's "most clever tactic" against the United States was its application of Lenin's principle of "exploiting internal contradictions in the enemy camp." As the war progressed, he said

> . . . the further the enemy's internal contradictions will develop, and the more the possibility of dividing the enemy's ranks will increase. Finally, at a certain moment, his irreconcilable, acute contradictions will become one of the special features in a mature revolutionary situation and the revolution will erupt with decisive battles to overthrow his rule.

Le Duan cited as an example of his strategy "to take advantage of the enemy's internal contradictions to divide and isolate him," the expedient shift of the Vietnamese Communists from an early alliance with Chiang Kai-shek in order to "have free hands to cope with French colonialism," back to "a conciliatory attitude toward the French to oust Chiang Kai-shek's troops," finally double-crossing the French again to attack them in Hanoi. Le Duan describes these twists and turns as "wonderful patterns of Leninist strategy in the exploitation of enemy contradictions and on principled concessions." Success in his strategy, Le Duan said, depended on "political clearsightedness and particular sensitivity," "creativity" and "besides bravery there should be wisdom." The key, he said, was to remain "rigid in principle" but "flexible in strategy."

Le Duan put supreme importance on Lenin's principles. "To take advantage of the enemy's internal contradictions," he said, "is one of the strategically significant problems of the revolution." He warned this cannot be done without active intervention: "Nurturing no illusions, the Communists have never passively awaited the outcome of the enemy's internal contradictions. . . . Instead, we must grasp the development of these contradictions and know to what extent we can take advantage of them."

He cautioned that one cannot rely on this tactic alone. "Revolution is not a *coup d'état* nor the result of plots; revolution is a mass undertaking," he said, adding that of equal importance were the "mobilization of the masses" through "sophisticated organization" and the formation of the armed forces. Political struggle must go hand in hand with military struggle, illegal actions should be "skillfully coordinated with all legal capabilities"—he specifically cited infiltrating Hanoi's last non-Communist parliament in the early 1950s. Political activities, he went on, should be tied to "such big leaps forward" as the 1965 campaign to divide South Vietnam, the opening of the DMZ fighting in 1967 and the 1968 Tet offensive. The Tet offensive, he said, was correctly timed to "the situation abroad."

Little attention has been paid to Le Duan and his published strategic writings, as when, at the height of World War II, few people were aware of who Hitler was or had ever read *Mein Kampf*. Yet for at least eleven years now Le Duan, by his own admission, has commanded a subversive political war whose methodical development we have been witnessing every day on the other side of the Pacific and sometimes here at home as well. Had not the Chinese leaders felt themselves compelled in China's own self-interest and security on its southern flanks to try and strike some sort of a bargain with President Nixon, there seems little doubt the United States would have suffered a humiliating defeat in Vietnam.

For three days after Nixon's announcement of July 15, Hanoi was silent. It appeared Le Duan was not informed of Peking's secret negotiations with Washington, begun in January, until Nguyen Duy Trinh, the North Vietnamese Foreign Minister, arrived in Peking the day after Kissinger left. This meant Hanoi was not told about the invitation until shortly before it was made public.

On July 19, the lead editorial in *Nhan Dan*, the official North Vietnamese daily, affirmed Hanoi's independence from its Communist allies and stressed that decisions on ending the war must be made by the Vietnamese. Apparently defending Le Duan's doctrinal strategy, the editorial said, "The most important cause of our victories is our

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correct and creative independent and sovereign line . . . the destiny of Vietnam is decided by Vietnamese." In predicting certain U.S. defeat, it remarked, "The decisive voice only belongs to those who are defeating them."

Obliquely attacking the Maoists in Peking through criticism of Nixon, Hanoi attacked the President for "trying to achieve a compromise" by forcing "smaller countries to bow to the arrangement" of "the big powers." It condemned Nixon for "running about wildly in search of a way out. But he has gone to the wrong place." Le Duan, in short, was serving notice on the Chinese that he will stand up to them.

While it remained a mystery—what Dr. Kissinger talked about for twenty hours with Chou En-lai—some of the conversation obviously dealt with Le Duan and his strategy, since one of the three aides accompanying the Nixon aide was Richard Smyser, assigned to the embassy in Saigon in 1965 to keep tabs on internal North Vietnamese politics and remaining a specialist on Hanoi, one of the very few in the government, ever since, first at the State Department and more recently on Kissinger's National Security Council staff.

The joint announcement in Peking and Washington on July 15 changed everything and now all bets are off. Except one: that Le Duan's life expectancy as the North Vietnamese political leader is considerably shortened. □

SEN. ERNEST HOLLINGS

EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

The best thing that could be done with the Old Confederate States would be to give them to the militant blacks' New African Nation. The next best thing would be to use the South to screw up Nixon's plans for 1972. The method for doing this has already been mentioned as a possibility in newspapers from the *Los Angeles Times* to the Baltimore *Sun*: that is, nominate Sen. Ernest F. ("Fritz") Hollings of South Carolina as the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate.

Going right into the parlor of White House political adviser Harry Dent and Sen. Strom Thurmond to pick a candidate in this way would give the Democrats the obvious advantage of psychological shock.

Also—most important these days, I suppose—they would be picking up a good "image" candidate. Except for a few minor physical imperfections (teeth a bit crooked, for example), Hollings is a handsome fellow with that slightly decayed young-old look (he's 49) that seems to appeal to the McCarthy crowd. As a political debater, he can be beautifully wicked (he once told OEO director Sargent Shriver that "if we could pawn the alligator shoes on your feet, the expensive suit you're wearing, and perhaps your watch, we could really get a program for the poor going."). But Democratic national campaign managers needn't worry; if Hollings ever got *too* acrimonious, they could always say that the people just hadn't understood him correctly—which would, in fact, probably be the case, for that thick Charleston accent of his is almost too much (he pronounces "sled" like "slay-ed" and I once thought he had said he was "afraid" of Bobby Baker when actually he had said he was "a friend").

Having been an astute Southern politician for these past twenty-three years, Hollings is, needless to say, not without blemish. There was a time, as he admits, when he was making racial speeches that sounded much like those of George Wallace. And there was a time when he went along with America's foremost tightwads, the Main Street restaurant owners, by opposing a minimum wage for waiters and kitchen help—meaning, in his state, mostly blacks. (He's changed on that.) Although he is not a suicidal militarist, he is still very much a militarist. And he has far too many close ties with textile mill owners like Roger Milliken, the bankroller of the South Carolina Republican Party.

But for all that—and doubtless many other defects I don't know about—Hollings seems far and away the most interesting and most promising Southerner holding a major federal office today. Having made his last three races against the wishes of the Democratic Party organization in his state, Hollings has learned enough political karate to survive with the Southern Establishment, but he has also been knocked around enough to appreciate the underdog.

He is certainly not a "reformed Southerner" (a very mythical fellow) and he does not give out hooey about a "new South" (an even more mythical region). Hollings simply has an old-fashioned sense of decency, which, developing around and in spite of his political craftiness, has made him useful to mankind from time to time.

When he was Governor of South Carolina from 1959 to 1963, he set about to lure every industry into the state that he could. This, of course, has been the ambition of every Southern governor in recent years, but Hollings succeeded remarkably. He lured $700 million worth of industry into the state, which was a record.

The idea, as Hollings recalled it, was that "with all that new money and new jobs we wouldn't be down there with Mississippi with the lowest per capita income. We'd all be rich (laughs) and me along with them, and the money would trickle right down to the humblest man in the state."

Now Hollings knows it was a bad theory. A few years after he left the Governor's office he discovered there were still 75,000 families in South Carolina comprising 421,000 individuals who earned less than $1,000 yearly, less than $100 a month per family. Hollings was amazed. "I said, 'Good God almighty!' I didn't realize poverty was that extensive.

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"I used to think like the average person in this town that, yeah, there are some hungry people down on the Mexican border, some in Mississippi, a few in the ghettos in Chicago, some in West Virginia—got maybe 100,000 hungry people in the country. That's the way I used to think. Fact is, we've got 15 million medically found hungry people in America. Sixty-one percent of the housing in the rural areas is sub-standard.

"I didn't realize that when I was governor. But when I found it out a few years ago, I said to myself, why, you could bring in all the du Ponts and all the other corporations you want, but this crowd (the poor) would never benefit. It would take a hundred years to raise all the poor by industrializing the state."

But realizing the extent of poverty and realizing that the poor maybe are worth helping are two different things. Hollings had the "they're hungry because they're shiftless" philosophy until January 1968, when he visited a slum area of Charleston at the invitation of Sister Anthony, one of those troublemaking social workers.

"Cold and wet, we moved from door to door, alley to alley," Hollings recalls. "Before we had gone a block, I was miserable. I saw what all America needs to see. The hungry are not able-bodied men, sitting around drunk and lazy on welfare. They are children. They are abandoned women, or the crippled, or the aged."

Right across the street from Sister Anthony's headquarters was "one of the schools built by the sales tax I helped pass, and I said, 'Hey, look at that school! They ought to name that after me.' And Sister Anthony laughed and said, 'Why don't you come back to that school tonight and see your adult education course we've got there?'

"So I went back—it was still cold, raining and sleeting—and about 800 to 900 were there, mostly black. Ninety-five per cent blacks, I'd say. There wasn't a bunch of cars parked around. They had had to come on the bus or walk.

"They got there at 9 o'clock at night and they stayed till 11 in classes trying to learn to better themselves. I saw two that used to be cooks in my family. They weren't a bunch of drunks there that night. And they sure weren't shiftless."

After that, Hollings kept traveling around the state, sticking his nose into shacks where eight or ten people lived in two rooms, ate cornmeal if anything, and drank ditch water. By the time he was through he was a changed man. To be sure, there is always something suspicious about an intelligent man who is unable to recognize poverty until he is 46 years old, who lived in the Governor's mansion for four years without knowing what life was like in a slum four blocks away, and who has a "Road to Damascus" awakening on the subject in an election year when the black vote is likely to be significant.

There were some skeptical hoots at Hollings, but his subsequent actions have pretty well hushed the skeptics. He has become one of the loudest and most effective advocates in the Senate of an expanded food stamp program and more money for medical help and housing for people who don't have it.

When President Nixon began weaseling on his food stamp promises a couple of years ago—excusing himself by saying that that would all be taken care of via his guaranteed "family assistance" income program—Hollings was one of the first Senators to warn against swapping one program for the other.

"I tell you right now, if you want to see this country come apart," he says, "let them pass this Moynihan dream, this superduper welfare thing. We've got 25 million people on Social Security. If we added about 27 million to national welfare rolls through Nixon's scheme, and then if you cut out the duplicates, you'd end up with about 50 million people being supported by 150 million. You talk about polarization!"

Hollings' reputation as a militant environmentalist is mainly based on one spectacular defense of the South Carolina coast against industrial crud. (He is chairman of the Commerce Subcommittee on Oceans and Atmosphere.)

On October 2, 1969, Badische Anilin und Soda-Fabrik (BASF), a corporate and ideological offspring of the notorious I. G. Farben combine of Germany, with corporate ties in this country to Dow Chemical Co., announced its intentions to build a coastal $200 million petrochemical plant in the upper reaches of Rep. Mendel Rivers' district.

Naturally, BASF claimed that its motives were humanitarian. The plant was to be situated in Beaufort County, where 75 per cent of the children have worms, about half the residents are believed to be functionally illiterate, and the citizenry is so poor that it is one of the two counties in the nation that is eligible to receive free food stamps (the other county, Jasper, adjoins).

Those fine German businessmen—of whose parent corporation thirteen directors had been sent to prison for using slave labor during World War II—were coming to South Carolina, they said, to uplift the natives with jobs. To be sure, they had also found some appeal in the fact that South Carolina politicians were permitting them to buy 1,800 acres at $200 an acre, although it would normally sell for no less than $1,000 an acre and some of the better portions would sell for $25,000 an acre, which, averaging it out, is a gift of about $22 million. State officials also promised to build—at no charge to BASF—18 miles of roadway for the plant and to construct a railroad spur, a dock and a transit shed—all of which would cost the taxpayer at least $4 million.

Grandiose inducements to industry are quite ordinary in the South, and this transaction would doubtless have gone off without a hitch except that the BASF plant in its daily process of churning out dyestuffs and styrene plastic intended also to unload about 2.5 million gallons of contaminates into the offshore waters which support important shrimp and oyster beds, and also support about 3,000 people in the fishing industry.

In itself, however, that was a relatively minor drawback. The men who run South Carolina will side with industry any day over fish and fishermen, as they have proved by allowing human feces and industrial waste to ruin 50,000 acres of oyster beds at the mouth of the Savannah River.

What really stopped the German invasion was the fact that they were trying to build their plant only 3 miles upstream from Hilton Head Island, site of one of the most luxurious resort establishments in this hemisphere. The

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Sea Pines Plantation, the Hilton Head Co., the Island Development Corp., and Port Royal Plantation control hotels and posh bungalows and golf courses (six at present) and riding areas worth an estimated $100 million.

It is, to say the least, the playground of the wealthy, and most of us would not live any differently if Hilton Head Island drifted out to sea and were lost forever. But in this instance, the privileged few came in handy, for the people who take their ease on that island—and those who contemplated obtaining other riches by developing other lands in the vicinity as resorts—did not relish the idea of having the effluence from styrene plastics production wash their shores.

The wealthy, even as you and I, enjoy swimming, enjoy fishing, enjoy eating seafoods freshly plucked from the water. They do not like to holiday where the water stinks, is discolored, and will not support life.

So the owners of these resorts struck back. And Hollings—in quite a change of character from his days as Governor when he was willing to take industry on any terms—used the outrage of the idle wealthy to defeat the industrious rich. A majority of the political establishment in South Carolina was for BASF and against the environmentalists, but Hollings was so obstreperous in Washington and the Hilton Head fat cats stirred up so much hell in the national press—after all, it was a great theme: those damned Huns joining with money-hungry Dixiecrats to poison the ocean life on which the primitive Gullah Negroes of that area survive—that BASF finally backed away. Robert McNair, then Governor of South Carolina and a rabid defender of BASF, has never forgiven Hollings for the role he played in that.

Because of his crusading in matters of ocean ecology and human hunger, Hollings has been recatalogued by many Northern liberals as a convert. That is a mistake. In his 1966 campaign, Hollings said, "Robert Kennedy represents the liberal thinking in New York and there's nothing similar about the liberal thinking in New York and our thinking in South Carolina." Hollings was saying that to disassociate himself from Kennedy—which, as a practical matter, he was justified in doing, as will be explained later—but he was also simply telling the truth about the effects of latitude on political philosophies.

Hollings entered politics in 1948 not out of any ideological drive but to enhance his career as a lawyer. "I wish I could say it was from high motivation," he grins. The firm he worked in would have preferred that one of the other young members run for the legislature that year, as a way to get the firm's hand in the state pie, but none of the others wanted to, so Hollings was sent forth. To everyone's surprise, including his own, he ran first in a field of twenty-four.

Thereafter, attaching himself to the Jimmy Byrnes-Edgar Brown machine—a most potent political juggernaut in those days—he rose fast. Byrnes, Governor of South Carolina from 1951 to 1955 (but best known nationally as FDR's trouble-shooter in the U.S. Senate), was fond of him. Hollings became Byrnes's floor leader in the House, and among other things pushed through the sales tax in South Carolina so that Byrnes could take the gentlemanly way of holding back integration by building more and better separate schools for the blacks. And when it came time for South Carolina to select lawyers to argue against integration prior to the landmark 1954 *Brown* decision, Hollings was one of the attorneys Byrnes sent to speak for the entrenched South.

(Hollings recalls getting off the train in Union Station and meeting Thurgood Marshall, who was there to argue the case for the integrationist side. "It was kind of interesting, come to think of it," says Hollings. "I ate breakfast with him, a Negro, in the station that morning. I remember Thurgood telling the story about how he had to advise Adlai Stevenson, then Governor of Illinois, to take a black family that was in trouble in Cicero, Ill., and send them back down to Mississippi for safekeeping. He said he couldn't tell that publicly. In any case, we talked that morning about what would happen if the South lost the case. I'll never forget that he said even if the blacks won, it would be twenty-five to fifty years before there was any degree of integration. I think we got substantially more than he ever contemplated or I ever contemplated, even though it's been mighty, mighty slow in the last seventeen years. One of the big mistakes he and his crowd made was to rebut out of hand a proposal that the Supreme Court order it done a grade at a time. He felt that would be tokenism. But if they had accepted that proposal—instead of the Supreme Court's 'all deliberate speed' nonsense, good God—there would have been orderly integration after twelve years. As it turned out, what we had to do was let Martin Luther King come around and

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say, 'I just ain't going to sit at the back of the bus any more.' King cut short twenty years of dragging this thing out.")

Hollings was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1954, and still he was very much a part of the old-line establishment. But that was also the year that some of the key elements of his support fell away in one of the South's most celebrated political feuds. Sen. Burnet Maybank died. Byrnes wanted the Democratic State Committee to nominate him as the replacement; Strom Thurmond also wanted to be picked, as did Edgar Brown, the kingmaker of South Carolina politics who headed the so-called Barnwell Ring.

When the state committee passed over Byrnes and Thurmond and picked Brown as their candidate, Byrnes was furious. He determined to use Thurmond to knock off Brown, and he succeeded; he was the brains behind the celebrated write-in campaign that put Strom in the Senate. Brown was a powerful man in a machine way, but he was a dullard on the stump, and Strom's colorfulness plus Byrnes's recruitment of virtually every newspaper in the state to support Thurmond, overwhelmed him.

Because Hollings had supported the regular party choice, Byrnes became his blood-in-the-eye enemy. "Lordy, he got mad at me," says Hollings. "We had beach homes next to each other, but after that he put up a little fence between us and drew down the blinds on the windows facing my house, and I wasn't invited over there any more."

In the middle of Hollings' term as Governor (1959-63) he made a decision that was to be a lingering burden on his career: he backed John Kennedy for the Presidential nomination and then he ran JFK's campaign in South Carolina. It was no surprise to South Carolinians.

At the 1960 convention, says Hollings, John Kennedy assigned him a peacemaking role: "Jack turned to me and said, 'You get the Bobbies together,' meaning affect a truce between Robert Kennedy and Robert Baker, Lyndon's man, who had a deep aversion for each other." Hollings had been a friend of Robert Kennedy's since 1954, when they met as two of the Jaycee's "top ten young men of the year." Hollings was also a friend of Baker, the Pickens, S.C. slickster.

"I went up to that room," says Hollings, "and sat and talked with Bobby (Kennedy) and told him to cool it—that was the only way. I told him the South had lost the candidate—Kennedy sure wasn't a Southern candidate—and we'd lost the platform; now all we'd need to do was lose the Vice President, and we'd lose the race. Bobby could see it. He didn't like Lyndon, not at all, but he could see it."

Hollings' campaign for Kennedy carried the state for him by 8,000 votes—it was the last time a Democratic Presidential candidate was to make it in South Carolina.

Two years later Hollings learned that John Kennedy had his own very practical ideas about being grateful. In 1962 Hollings ran against Sen. Olin Johnston, an old-time segregationist labor-stiff Democrat.

Prior to 1960, says Hollings, "I had built up a reputation, an empathy with the Main Street merchant, the banker, the Chamber of Commerce, the developer, the industrialist—that was my crowd. But when I came out for Kennedy for President, they immediately said I was a smart aleck, a whippersnapper with Potomac fever or I never would have sided with that Irish Catholic Boston Harvardian. Ordinarily they would have helped me in '62 against Olin Johnston because they had no particular liking for him.

"But instead of helping me this time, they began organizing the Republican Party like never before.

"I don't want to oversimplify it. Olin was the best campaigner and he beat me fairly. But one reason I had no chance of beating him was that I had trouble raising money. I couldn't get it in the state from my usual sources. And I sure didn't get any Kennedy support."

No Kennedy money, even though Olin Johnston had tried to get LBJ nominated for the Presidency while Hollings had been foursquare for Kennedy? Hollings smiled at the question: "Jack was a smart President. Olin was senior man on the Agriculture Committee, and he was chairman of the Post Office Committee—don't you remember all those postal appointments he pushed through in Massachusetts to help get Teddy elected?"

In 1965 Senator Johnston died, and Gov. Donald Russell—passing over Johnston's widow and his brother—resigned and had himself appointed to fill Johnston's seat until the next regular election in 1966.

That tricky maneuver didn't sit well with the people of South Carolina, so when Hollings opposed Russell in 1966—in one of the dullest races in Southern history; up to a week before the election 40 per cent of the voters were still undecided—they gave the nod to Hollings. Neither candidate had talked about issues. Russell tried to hang Robert Kennedy around Hollings' neck, but Hollings fought it off.

Some said he had "abandoned" Robert Kennedy in 1966, and I asked him if this was a fair description.

"I sure didn't claim him," said Hollings. "I'd learned my lesson in '62. No, I wasn't mad at Bobby for the way they treated me in '62. But I was pretty mad at some of the White House minions working with Larry O'Brien who put out a lot of rumors against me that year. And I've got a long memory. Anyway, I hadn't talked to Bobby for two years and I wasn't going to let people call me a Bobby Kennedy candidate in 1966. He didn't contribute a dime to my campaign, he never corresponded with me, never talked to me on the telephone, didn't talk to me through anybody. I was on my own."

Knowing he would have to confront the voters again in 1968, Hollings held true to the conservative line throughout 1967. Among Senate Democrats voting most often against the LBJ programs—many of which were considered liberal by Southern standards—only Byrd of Virginia and Stennis of Mississippi scored higher. Among his regional votes that year was one against the confirmation of Thurgood Marshall to the Supreme Court, which today he says he "had" to cast—an argument with which every Deep South politician facing an election that year would doubtless have agreed.

Yet he could not afford to go too far to the Right. In edging past his Republican opponent in the general election of 1966, Hollings had had the help of 98 per cent of the voting blacks. But by 1967 they were changing their minds. He was being sharply criticized by the South Caro-

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lina Voter Education Project, which coordinated Negro voter registration and which had a goal of 250,000 registered blacks by 1968—enough to make Hollings think twice. (Today Hollings says, "A person can't any longer run a realistic statewide race in the primary and afford to alienate the black vote. Maybe in the general election, but not in the primary.")

As we have said, Hollings' tour of the South Carolina poverty areas in January of that election year was interpreted by many—including the steady-voiced *Congressional Quarterly*—as "apparently being an attempt to mend his political fences with Negroes and low-income whites."

Whether opportunism was part of it or not, Hollings was at last on the side of the hunger fighters and doing considerable good among the Southern wing in the Senate, and suddenly it looked as if his hunger crusade *and* his hopes for re-election were going to be blasted both at the same time—by his old sometime pal Bobby.

Robert Kennedy was on an anti-hunger kick, too, and he was planning to add South Carolina to his stopovers after Mississippi.

"When I heard that Bob and the subcommittee were planning hearings in South Carolina in early 1968, I hit the ceiling," Hollings writes in his book *The Case Against Hunger*. He feared, properly no doubt, that it would revive the old stories about his being a Kennedy lackey. To hell with that, said Hollings as he got Kennedy on the phone and began shouting: "Now look here, you go down there and I'm going to get on the plane and go straight up to Harlem. I'm going to call every TV station, and then I'm going to walk right through Harlem for four or five days, everywhere I can, and find every rat eating every child's eye out. And everywhere I go, I'm going to say why isn't Kennedy here? I'm gonna have a New York hunger exposé at the very time you have yours in South Carolina."

Kennedy stayed away, and Hollings was returned to the Senate by the biggest vote ever given a South Carolinian.

Since then he has continued to push for more of the usual Southern Populist things—nothing especially dramatic, just the sort of programs that Southerners were only too happy to support in Congress in the 1930s.

Because he voted for the Cooper-Church limitation on U.S. tenancy in Cambodia, and voted for the Mansfield pullout of troops in Europe, Hollings has been mistaken by some as a peacenik. He isn't one. Five years ago he was demanding that our bombers be allowed to level North Vietnam. Frustrated in that desire, he sees no use in continuing the war on the enemy's terms.

If Hollings hasn't been exactly a radical progressive in racial matters, he has probably done more than was practically safe. For suggesting in 1951-52 that the Charleston school board add a black man, he was confronted in his next campaign with newspaper ads asking, "Does Hollings Want To Integrate All Schools?" The trade school system he set up during his time as Governor was integrated. He got a black man appointed to the draft board in Charleston. He appointed two black advisers for the State Law Enforcement Division. Not much, but something, perhaps quite a bit, considering the era and the state.

Hollings was Governor during the early sit-in incendiary period. He was a law-and-order man. He suppressed the civil rights movement, but he also squashed the redneck counteroffensive. By his lights, keeping order was the pro-black as well as the pro-white thing to do. "Safety of the people is the supreme law. I had to be there fustest with the mostest," he says. "I ran around like the Dutch boy at the dike, breaking up crowds. Little colored kids sitting at the lunch counter and white punks with ducktailed haircuts and peg-legged britches would be waiting, and when the poor little colored kids would get off the stool they'd jump for the stool. It was this kind of physical contact in Nashville that put thirteen in the hospital. I said I wasn't going to allow it. We had a lot of scary incidents but nobody was hurt. They knew I was fair. I cleaned up the Klan. They've got more members in the Klan now than we had in 1961."

There's no way of knowing for sure how Hollings rates with the blacks in general today, but it was probably more than an Uncle Tom gesture the other day when Benedict College in Columbia, S.C. (black) gave him an honorary degree. Hollings is certainly no red-hot integrationist, but he does sound sane. "I think the time will come," he says, "when my 20-year-old son and my 19-year-old daughter and my 14-year-old daughter and my 12-year-old-son, when all those of their generation in the South will sit back and ask, 'How did that all start? Because a fellow didn't want to sit at the back of the bus?' And they'll say, 'You mean you killed him on account of that?' It will be hard to explain—police dogs and electric wires and all those things."

A few days ago Hollings, a member of the Appropriations Committee, voted for money for the civil rights Community Relations Service. His reason: "If we're going to have this integration, then let's not have it drug out. I don't want anything rammed down my throat, but if we're going to work this thing out, let's do it. I think the South has passed that kidney stone—that doesn't mean we don't have the kidney ailment. We've still got pains, but once we passed that stone last November we got on the right road." What kidney stone last November was he talking about?

"That damn politics of racism and divisiveness, with that jackass Spiro Agnew and Strom Thurmond running all over South Carolina and Florida talking race. Well, it didn't work. They did more for the Democrats talking that way. We'd written off [now Senator] Walkin' Lawton Chiles in Florida until Agnew went in blowin' off. He's our secret weapon in the South. Nixon, too. They're not going to come down here and play race against race and section against section and get away with it. We're not going to have any more of that, and Nixon's and Agnew's election campaign in '70 proved it. The Democrats didn't lose many races."

Hollings laid his reputation on the line in 1970 by campaigning all-out for John West, a moderate Democrat running for governor. Thurmond did the same for West's opponent, Albert Watson, champion of the school bus burners. West won easily.

Which is one reason Hollings thinks the Democrats can retake the South in 1972—if the Presidential candidate is Muskie or Jackson. He doesn't think McGovern could make it.

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And nothing would give Hollings more delight than having a hand in the dumping of Nixon (and as chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee he will have many opportunities around the country to harangue in that direction). For him it would be a personal revenge for the way Nixon subjected him to the worst embarrassment of his career.

Hollings was Judge Clement Haynsworth's sponsor in the Senate after Nixon had appointed him to the Supreme Court. Hollings says the whole thing became a hopeless mess because of the flaming stupidities of Nixon, White House wiseacre Dent, and Atty. Gen. John Mitchell.

In June 1969, Bernard Segal, president of the American Bar Association, had urged the White House to submit the names of Warren Burger and Haynsworth to the Senate at the same time, and to do it at once.

"But," says Hollings, "Dent wanted to split them up, and make two separate appointments, saying that way there would be twice the publicity. Cooking up these publicity schemes, he delayed too long. In the interim, Senator Dirksen, who was for Haynsworth, died. And then Dent tried to pick up political credit by leaking a story to a Chicago paper to the effect that, 'Look, this guy, Haynsworth, was really Strom Thurmond's choice all along, not Hollings'.' Immediately all the anti-Thurmond people in the Senate said, 'Good God, are we going to appoint a Thurmond judge? Let's look at this closer.' So that gave labor and the NAACP time to organize against the appointment."

In lobbying his Democratic colleagues Hollings found many of them sympathetic, but when the White House remained aloof "my Democratic friends said, 'Why should we pull Nixon's chestnuts out of the fire?' The White House wasn't doing a blooming thing. We had Senators inclined and in a sense committed to Haynsworth that we lost, just because the White House bobbled everything."

Then Haynsworth's stock holdings began to come out, with hints of conflict of interest. Hollings says, "I asked the Attorney General to lay it all out, bring everything out at once, but he wouldn't and so we just leaked down the drain, story after story. Quite frankly, I had a tough time. I never could get the attention of the newspapers. I called all of them in and said, 'Look, talk to Haynsworth.' They asked, 'How does he look today?' and I said, 'Of course, he's disillusioned—he hasn't been in one of these things before.' And the headlines said, 'Hollings says Haynsworth looks sick.' *The Washington Post* and all of them just took me to the cleaners."

There is a postscript to that defeat which tells something about Hollings. Sen. Birch Bayh, Indiana liberal who became a national figure by leading the opposition to Haynsworth's confirmation, recently introduced a bill setting limits on how much stock a judge can hold in a corporation without risking a conflict of interest. Hollings, on the same day, introduced a bill of his own addressed to the same problem.

If Bayh's bill had been law in 1969, Judge Haynsworth would have been cleared without any problem. But under the terms of Hollings' legislation, his own nominee would never have made it.

Which shows, as some other episodes in Hollings' career also show, that if you put a moderate-conservative Southerner through the wringer he may come out containing less air and water than a Northern liberal. □

CANCER RESEARCH

MONEY WON'T SOLVE EVERYTHING

GEORGE A. SILVER
Dr. Silver is professor of public health at the School of Medicine, Yale University.

President Nixon's provocative effort to steal Sen. Edward Kennedy's thunder in cancer research (or "cure" as it is called in the press release) funding deserves wider public airing than it has received. But the feud and the problem lie elsewhere. These two figures are screens for the real antagonists.

Briefly, what are the issues? Senator Kennedy introduced a bill, S.34, along with Senator Javits, on January 25, 1971, which provided for a separate National Cancer Authority, distinct from the National Cancer Institute of the National Institutes of Health. It was to receive $1.2 billion over a three-year period. The purpose of the legislation was to "launch a nationwide program for the conquest of cancer." Following the recommendations of a Panel of Consultants established by a Senate resolution in March 1970 (under then committee chairman Sen. Ralph Yarborough) which had reported in November 1970, the object of the legislation was to create an "agency . . . modeled along the lines of NASA which succeeded so brilliantly in reaching our goal of landing a man on the moon." The moon reference recurs constantly. There is some suspicion that the idea of the legislation preceded the establishment of the Panel of Consultants, a not too infrequent occurrence in matters of this sort, and particularly in view of the composition of the panel, loaded as it was with partisan health lobbyists. Certainly the panel, judging by its composition, was committed to the recommendations it submitted before it convened.

President Nixon, with perhaps three other birds in mind when he cast this stone, announced in February 1971, as part of his health message, a $100 million war on cancer. Now Kennedy's proposal asked for $400 million in 1972, so Nixon's ploy could be construed as an effort to forestall that kind of budgetary raid as well as pre-empt an adversary Democrat's position; cut the ground from under a Kennedy and potential Presidential rival; possibly, though this is doubtful, support the hard-pressed National Institutes of Health (the National Cancer Institute is a

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part of this complex) under attack by separatist scientific and political forces; and adopt a position of benevolent concern for the health of Americans. This latter was important, since the Administration's image was already seriously compromised by budget cuts, failures to spend appropriated funds in the health field, and adamant positions against necessary legislation involving desperately needed money for medical school expansion, health services delivery and research in general.

A very welcome coup, no?

Then, in a thrilling Mountie-type rescue campaign, President Nixon reverses himself! On May 11, 1971, just as the Kennedy subcommittee was about to vote out S.34, cocking a snook at the President by vigorously rejecting his recommendations (and that of hundreds of distinguished American physicians and experts who had testified against the independent Cancer Authority) just then, Nixon announces he has a plan to set up a separate Cancer Authority! Within the National Institutes of Health, of course, so it won't look as if he were reversing himself, but the director will report to the President, not to the director of the NIH. This meant that out of courtesy, the subcommittee couldn't vote their bill out that day and had to take the President's proposals under consideration before reporting. Of course, Nixon's plan still provided far less money than Kennedy's, but there it was!

With the usual Nixon plastic touch, this administrative maneuver will marry the worst of both proposals. It looks as if he were appearing to support the NIH while undermining it, or possibly, appearing to support a separate authority while undermining it.

Even in this Russian egg of complexity, there is more. The rivalry Nixon and Kennedy represent goes deeper and its ramifications are even more Byzantine. The growth in dollar size and influence of the National Institutes of Health has not been an unmixed blessing even for its beneficiaries. The appetite grows with what it feeds on and the laboratory power brokers in science who facilitated the mushrooming of the National Institutes, from the infant Cancer Authority of 1937, funded at about $350,000, to the dinosaurian NIH of 1971 with $1.5 billion, feel somehow cheated. Along the way, annual increases of 30 per cent had become necessary to support ongoing research and training centers and their associated investigators, and to add new centers and investigators spawned by training in the older centers. But since 1965 the increases have declined. Inflation has reduced the increments even further, so that for practical purposes funding for research has actually declined. Hence the gloomy prognostications of "second-rate research power." However exaggerated these may be, they do reflect the dangerously increasing unemployment rates among all Americans, as factories close or reduce production, and as the lack of educational, health and welfare budgets reduces the demand for teachers and scientists.

But there is more. American pluralism, to coin a phrase, is often kept alive at government expense; the private sector is provided oxygen because the corpse is deemed a necessary adjunct to government action, or a traditional decoration, or maybe just as a cloak for the rapacity of corporations. Tax-exempt status is greedily exploited by hospitals, schools and voluntary agencies who pay no tax

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on August 23.

and give little service of a charitable or public nature to justify their tax exemption. The voluntary health agencies are an incredibly inefficient and exorbitantly extravagant example. The growth of the NIH has nearly eliminated these agencies from the realm of useful public service and scientific activity. The American Cancer Society (a principal in the current action to bypass the NIH and create its own controlled, publicly funded, scientific research pork barrel) spent last year less than $20 million in research support compared with the NIH $1 billion total, of which $200 million was for cancer. All the voluntary health groups together don't spend 10 per cent of what the NIH spends. And of course, that expenditure is only a fraction of what they collect. In many instances, profit-making fund-raising outfits get a hefty 40 per cent cut of the take (ACS admits to 11 per cent). In addition, "educational services"—read preparation for fund-raising staff at national, state and local levels—and services associated with research grants, take up the rest so that perhaps (I say "perhaps" in order not to wound the agencies that do better) 20 per cent of their effective income will go for research activity. ACS claims that 35 per cent of the sum collected goes for research.

At that, the voluntary agency contributions tend to duplicate, enlarge support for, or supplement and replace, research funds the NIH itself supplies. The same people make the decisions about research funding in both voluntary and NIH public sectors. Since *Science* magazine revealed how the grants seem to go very largely to the universities who are most heavily represented on the study sections of the NIH, sociologists have been examining the data and concluding it's because the best people are in those universities and therefore they are best equipped to carry on the research.

The pressure to create a separate Cancer Authority outside the NIH comes in part from such sources. The NIH was dividing the diminishing loot among too many claimants. It was time to enlarge the pool of funds available to these powerful feudal chieftains in the cancer research area, and take the decision away from those who might have other loyalties.

This may be the appropriate place to clarify another point. Basic research is not easily qualified: "basic" research in cancer, heart disease, microbiology or allergy may very well turn out to be the same research. One may arrive at insights about cancer from the research going on in a laboratory presumably dedicated to heart disease. The apparent rivalry among various types of researchers may be fraudulent. There isn't that much difference among the laboratory buffs in their bench work. So it may turn out that the American Cancer Society, in leading the campaign for independence, is nothing more than a stalking horse for the others. Individual "authorities" will spin off, each with a couple of million dollars more than had previously been allotted. Just a few days ago, Senator Cran-

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ston introduced Senate Resolution 126, to set up a blue-ribbon panel on heart disease.

Most depressing is the accuracy of the bitter observation of a British research worker some years ago, about American research being dollars in search of brains. It won't be too surprising if the policy projected by the President, and originally promoted by Senator Kennedy, prevails. Yet there simply aren't that many good research workers. Too often, borderline research has been funded because money was available and the non-federal members of the study sections were much too canny to permit any funds to return to the Treasury. So each year, with accrual of the 6 per cent salary increase, enlargement of the laboratory personnel, and the addition of "trainees," the reluctantly funded programs of questionable quality go on.

Distinguished leaders in the field who have retained their integrity in the face of this seduction have a difficult time of it. The presidents of prestigious science organizations and directors of powerful funding organizations are helpless captives because, were they to describe the king's nakedness, it is quite likely *all* the clothing appropriations would be cut off. It remains for others, like Kenneth Towe, to say the unspeakable in a letter to *Science* (June 5, 1970):

> Commonly the short-sighted legislators or socially concerned youth who don't understand the situation [about basic research funding] are singled out as the bleak future of American science is echoed. Seldom, however, do the staunch defenders of more support for pure science examine the state of what it is that they are defending. It is usually assumed that the basic research is of good quality and that the scientists are reasonably competent. This is, of course, what we need more of. Unfortunately, however, the thought is seldom entertained publicly that some of the research that is being supported might be routine and unimaginative, if not incompetent. How much of the research dollar has been, and is being, spent on the solution of problems that are not really problems, or on those that have been published before by earlier workers? How many funded proposals result in data looking for a problem or in expensive and often redundant equipment purchased solely because the money was available at the end of the grant tenure or the fiscal year? How much has been wasted on feasibility studies, pilot programs, and other boondoggles hiding behind the respectability of fundamental basic science? Almost every scientist knows that goes on but few are willing to admit it, publicly.

Towe then goes on to say:

> A more critical evaluation of priorities together with better evaluated research proposals cannot help but improve the signal-to-noise ratio. Academic freedom and the pursuit of the intrinsically interesting need not necessarily be compromised.

One is tempted to recall the story, probably apocryphal, that in the 1840s or 1850s Harvard University, by a one-vote margin of its faculty, failed to elect a professor and thereby create a chair of phrenology. If that fashionable cult had then been successful, the cult probably wouldn't have died out. There would still be a professor at Harvard (and goodness knows wherever not!) with a staff and graduate students and funds from the NIH for graduate study and research. If the professor were retiring, I don't doubt a search committee would be looking about for a successor.

Professional rivalries that grew up over the past three decades of the growth of the NIH created heroes and villains. Dr. Jim Shannon, as director of the NIH, was able to maintain a grasp of the realities of the private sector demands and generally satisfy them, at the same time outflanking successive Surgeons General who tried to keep the NIH as a monstrous dog on the leash within their control. He was the protégé of the relevant committee chairmen in the House and Senate: Congressman Fogarty, Senator Hill and Dr. Shannon were more powerful than Secretaries of HEW, Surgeons General of the PHS, and even Presidents of the United States when it came to authorizations, appropriations, building funds and new institutes and programs for the NIH. The interaction of that group was the power nexus that created American biomedical research (undermining education for medical practice along the way) and it deserves wider exposure. At least Shannon kept the private sector in line and on his side. The philanthropico-politicos on hospital boards and in local voluntary health agencies throughout the country moved Shannon somewhat, but most often supported him in moving in his direction.

Now that team is broken up. A new power base is in the process of formation. The competition is keen and the fighting rough.

Sidney Farber, tireless investigator and crusader against cancer in his own right, frequently associated with Mary Lasker along with other research paladins in medico-political causes, was co-chairman of the seminal panel. Mathilde Krim, wife of the former treasurer of the Democratic Party and a Sloane-Kettering researcher in her own right, was a member of the panel. Elmer Bobst, 86-year-

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old honorary board chairman and largest single stockholder in the giant Warner-Lambert Co. (pharmaceuticals, etc.), was also a member of the panel. You can tell the players from the score card.

The campaign had been kicked off by Mary Lasker with her captive scientists. When that campaign seemed to be faltering it was given a boost by Ann Landers, the columnist, who received more mail response to this column than for anything else she has ever written! Congressmen too reported they had received more mail than ever on the basis of her column. Thus it is Mary Lasker, Mathilde Krim, Ann Landers and Elmer Bobst who make health policy in the United States. At least in getting cancer out of hock.

In a Washington medical newsletter recently, a story was published that Elmer Bobst persuaded Mr. Nixon to make the decision in favor of an independent Cancer Authority announced on May 11.

Nixon, crafty and sycophantic, may well have responded more to Bobst's urging than to political considerations of other kinds when he did his somersault. Was he convinced this would undermine Senator Kennedy and do Nixon only good?

Senator Kennedy's role in this is not hard to understand on the political level. Health is now his turf. He plans to build his platform, image and constituency out of his efforts in that area. This is not to derogate or mock his sincerity or personal commitment to improvement of the health system. He is deeply concerned about the inconsistencies and deficiencies of our health services delivery system. His health security bill is one of the best put together for progress and change in health services in this country in this century. But when it comes to research and the politics of research the Senator is clearly out of his depth. Rex Tugwell once reminded an interviewer that he was so adept in the political jungle in Washington because it was so much simpler than the academic jungle in which he had spent his formative years.

It is no accident that "moon shot" is mentioned in the introduction of the bill in the Senate, and that the "moon illusion" is mentioned in articles and editorials in connection with the legislation—both for and against. A Connecticut newspaper editorial reads, "Against Cancer: The Big Push" as a headline, and goes on, "there is a similarity between John Kennedy's commitment of the early 1960s to a victory in the moon race." It does join the President in warning against expectation of "instant breakthroughs," but nevertheless goes on to say "under the centralized format now being developed, certainly some degree of further advance is predictable."

Columnist Philip Wagner writes, "Where in the world of cancer studies is the equivalent leading idea?" He is referring to the analogies often used in promoting the independent Cancer Authority: atom bomb, missiles, insulin, wonder drugs. "Who is the Fermi, the Goddard, the Banting, the Strasman of cancer? Who has gained the necessary insights into that process by which the mechanism that stands guard over the cellular structure of animal and plant tissue loses control and there follows the dreadful cellular rampage which we call cancer?"

The moon shot illusion may also have captured Kennedy's imagination (enough money and we can solve any problem). Biggs (the great New York State health officer of the 1920s) said: "Any community can have the death rate it is willing to afford." A school superintendent quoted by Philip Wagner said, "There is nothing wrong with our school system that more money won't cure." This is the technical delusion of the 20th century, that all problems can be solved with more money. The fact is that the concept and principle of the atom bomb was discovered in the 1930s by Meitner, Houtermans and others. It was after that discovery that a couple of billion dollars of technical development activity was useful in putting the principles to work. The penicillin principle was discovered by Fleming in the 1920s. It took millions of dollars in technical development to make it a marketable product. *We have no such seminal principle in cancer research.* It is not a lack of technical skill that needs to be applied. It is the intuitive leap of genius to recognize the clues and put them together that is still missing.

One can only puzzle at the role of Ann Landers and other civic-minded citizens with no previous history of involvement in the academic machinery. With no practical ax to grind why did she speak so positively and so strongly for a separate authority?

So on the one hand, while the publicists with the least appreciation of this follow the politico-scientists' will-o'-the-wisp, experienced scientific leaders urge caution. *Science* reports, on May 7, 1971:

> Even "America's Oldest Magazine," *The Police Gazette,* offered its contribution to the campaign to cure cancer. In the May issue, an article entitled "Cancer Miracles" (between "The Pill Can Turn Marriage into a Sex Nightmare" and "Why I Can't Live with Zsa Zsa") listed "A further heartening development: a special Senate report has recommended doubling federal spending on cancer research to $400 million within one year with a goal of a billion in a few years." "Thus," concluded *The Police Gazette* article, "while cancer is far from licked at this writing, we do seem to be coming

COMING SOON

THIRTEEN YEARS TO 1984

COMPUTERS AND DOSSIERS

vs. THE RIGHT TO BE LET ALONE

A brilliant analysis of the dangers flowing from the rapid accumulation of individual dossiers and their computerization, by Vern Countryman of the Harvard Law School.

Mr. Countryman does more than analyze the threat to privacy: he exposes the cultural roots of the problem which he finds in three unfounded assumptions: that whatever technology can produce should be used, that anyone who can show that information is useful or comforting to him in the conduct of private or public affairs has shown a "legitimate need" for its use, and that whatever is efficient is desirable.

THE FINAL WORD ON A SUBJECT OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE

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down the home stretch in vanquishing this dreaded enemy."

The New England Journal of Medicine, on the other hand, carried the sober warning from the aging, ill, but still strong-willed former NIH director, Jim Shannon: "People have been exposed to too many little science spectaculars, the early expectations of which have not proved out." And he goes into a powerful, logical discussion as to why with all our advances so much more remains to be done: ". . . assault on ignorance is not now amenable to direct confrontation."

There are dissatisfied researchers, greedy department chairmen in medical schools and anxious young researchers as well as politically minded professionals who want the new money and lots of it, in more accessible bags. Certainly the "moon illusionists" among the researchers believe only a new agency will do the trick. But the leadership of the research community is not impatient or grossly dissatisfied with the NIH. Nor with the NCI. The firm support to the NCI tendered by the majority of department chairmen and the American Association of Medical Colleges itself is evidence of that.

We have no laboratory clues for the conquest of cancer. There isn't any theoretical base on which a multi-million-dollar campaign can be mounted. New research can only be more of the same. Some good work, some average, a lot bad, unnecessary work, that will keep the Ph.D.s coming. More and more money will be diverted to these activities as more and more institutes are sprung loose. The medical schools will continue to be the captives of their research masters instead of vice versa. The chances of releasing the kind of money that is necessary to convert medical education to its service potential will continue small. The American people will glow with pride at their research achievements, which will become less and less available to more and more people. Senators, Congressmen, Presidents, distinguished members of hospital boards and great physicians will all speak glowingly of the great achievements of their communities and their institutions, notwithstanding the fact that these achievements will be unavailable to those who are most in need of them.

Under such a concentrated attack how can cancer survive? □

FARM SUBSIDIES

THE GAME NEVER STOPS

GEORGE L. BAKER
Mr. Baker is a staff writer of a West Coast chain of newspapers.

Fresno

It has been a good year for cotton farmers in the San Joaquin Valley. Prices are at a four-year high and the climate promises a generous crop. But for the handful of corporate giants who dominate the valley, the most important climate now is the warm, friendly one emanating from the Nixon Administration.

Willfully and skillfully, the Administration is protecting that which is dearest to the hearts of such corporate farmers as the J. G. Boswell Co. of Corcoran and the Kern County Land Co.—public subsidies.

The $55,000-per-crop limitation on subsidy payments to individual farmers, written into the 1970 Farm Act, has proven to be a limitation in name only. As a U.S. Department of Agriculture official baldly told a House subcommittee earlier this year: "Many producers who would otherwise be affected by the limitation are restructuring their farming operations so as to avoid the limitation." Such an admission clashes dramatically with the tale told last year when Congress took its historic step to cut off multimillion-dollar payments.

As the story went, a $30 million savings could be made in the $3.7 billion farm program, which ladles out such largess as $5.1 million to Boswell and the Boston Ranch Co., a wholly owned subsidiary; $4.1 million to Giffen, Inc. of Fresno, and $1.3 million to KCL, now known as Tenneco West, for its parent company.

A program that for years was making the rich farmer richer and the poor one poorer would finally be turned around. No longer would 16 per cent of the nation's 3 million farmers harvest 60 per cent of the payments. Admittedly, the $30 million saving was modest compared with projected trimmings of $100 million to $200 million contained in a proposed $20,000 lid, pushed by Reps. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) and Silvio Conte (R., Mass.). But it was a start.

The Administration, however, has not been content to limit its help to the large growers in such crops as wheat, cotton and feed grains. Limits on water developed by government reclamation projects which provide subsidies of up to $1,000 an acre have been quietly undermined. The water goes hand in hand with the farm payments to create even larger farming enterprises. The water produces more crops which produce more money which produces more land which requires more water. It is a cycle calculated to enrich big farmers (already swallowing enough smaller operators).

The big operators (who are getting bigger all the time) are greeting with glee the news from Washington that promise has outstripped performance. No savings from the crop subsidy limitation will be forthcoming and the blame can be laid at the feet of USDA officials who were given the job of enforcement.

Provisions of the limitation contained a Congressional directive calling for "fair and reasonable" application of the limitation. By all accounts, the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) has been both fair and reasonable. And for 1,100 farmers, mostly

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cotton producers, who are eagerly subverting the law, one might even say generous.

The department was confronted with the riddle of defining an "individual" operator eligible for a subsidy payment. Its solution was simple and effective—any farming entity from a corporation to a partnership was eligible. In effect, large farming operations could therefore be broken up into smaller units.

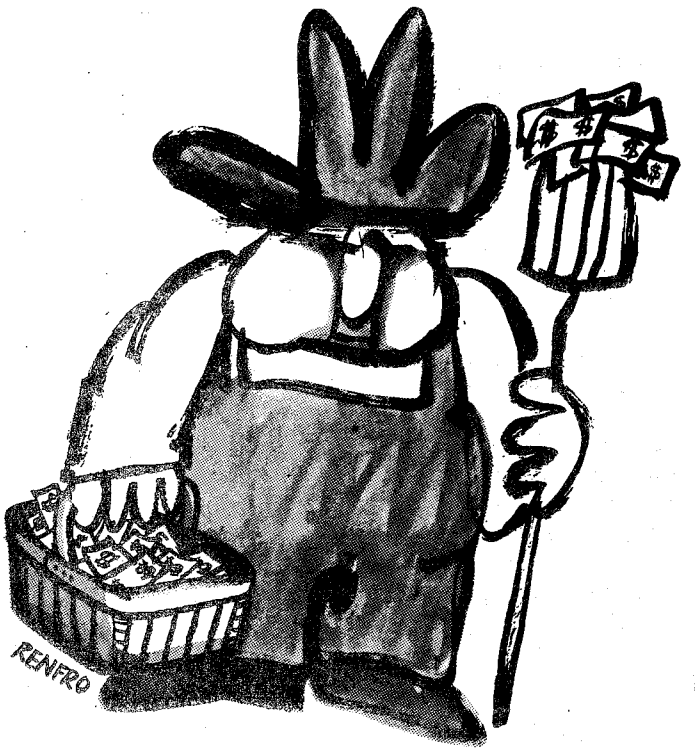
"Everything had to be done legally," said one California USDA official. And one might add, little beyond that. The cotton plantation studded state of Mississippi certainly was not treated unfairly. "The government regulations on partnerships sure helped a lot of the boys out," said an ASCS official in Sunflower County, Miss., the home of Sen. James Eastland, himself a subsidy recipient. "No doubt about it, the regulations took care of a good many of them."

To former Idaho Rep. George Hansen, director for state and county ASCS operations, government assisted evasion is a misnomer. "We're doing everything we can to see that the spirit of the law is carried out. If they meet the spirit of the law, of course we have no recourse but to approve their restructuring plans," Hansen explained. Whether it is the spirit of '72, he didn't say.

Almost before regulations were issued late last year, farmers in this vast, fertile valley, among them ten who collected a total of $15.3 million and operate more than 900,000 acres, were moving to evade the limitation with varied forms of legal subterfuge. One of the most popular techniques, especially for the larger outfits which can't break up into enough units, is the leasing of government allotments.

The practice is illustrated by the case of Russell Giffen, a wealthy man of 69, who operates 105,000 acres in the Fresno area. This year Giffen has a cotton allotment of 11,522 acres. If he were to grow cotton on his total allotment he could collect a payment of 15¢ a pound, but up to only $55,000 [or about 160 acres]. So instead of growing it himself, Giffen leases the allotment to a number of smaller growers for 6¢ or 7¢ a pound. The average yield on his allotment is 1,620 pounds an acre so Giffen can collect leasing fees of up to $1,178,604, a far cry from $55,000. Ironically, until 1965 the leasing of allotments across county lines was prohibited. Now it is permitted and the Fresno ASCS office did a land-office business, trading some 23,400 acres of a total allotment of 170,000 acres.

Said one USDA official, "The limitation sounds nice but all that is happening is that the money is going through more hands. There will still be about as much money around. The saving, if any, is going to be small." Echoed Lee Siedell, California's executive director of ASCS, "The saving won't be as much as we originally thought, but we're not sure by how much it'll be reduced." Recent USDA figures, however, indicate costs of the program could increase rather than decrease. Last year, for example, 12,600 farmers (as against 10,989 in 1969) across the nation collected between $20,000 and $50,000. And the trend to fewer but larger farms presages even higher payments. Payments for California's cotton, a $200 million crop, last year were up $10 million to $78.4 million.



Last year when Congress was considering a limitation, Ralph Carr, manager of the Vista Del Llano farm in Firebaugh, a division of Anderson Clayton and Co. and a $1.1 million recipient, had visions of disaster. "This will absolutely be the death blow for cotton," he remarked. But Carr has been noticeably silent this year especially since VDL leased off much of its allotment.

One hears no complaints from Jack Stone of Stratford, president of the Western Cotton Growers Association, who collected $293,416 last year. To protect his subsidy, Stone has formed partnerships with the men from whom he leases his farmland. Since each individual partnership is eligible for a payment, Stone is well protected. Nor is Kenneth L. Frick, who still collected some $100,000 for his Arvin farming operations placed in a trust after he took over as ASCS administrator, heard to complain. Frick, whose relatives still receive some $150,000 annually, said the evasions are justified "because of the severe change in one year's time. It gave growers time to adjust their operations. There never was any intent to knock anybody on the head and cause him to go out of business."

All this, understandably, has annoyed Conte and those of his colleagues who had thought they had imposed limitations on subsidy payments that would result in significant savings. So now Conte has proposed a $20,000 limitation which passed the House by a vote of 214 to 198. But the Senate, by a vote of 56 to 29, refused to change the $55,000 limitation and the measure now goes to conference. By a vote of 58 to 27, the Senate also rejected an amendment by Senator Taft that would have attempted to plug some of the loopholes in enforcement. The prevailing Senate view is that the $55,000 limitation was intended to remain in force for three years. So if, as now seems likely, the $55,000 limitation is accepted

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by the House in conference, it will mean that this outrageous boondoggle will continue for another year and probably for a third. But the fight waged in the House by Representatives Conte and Findley for the $20,000 limitation was worth it: the House at least sustained them. It also added to the growing volume of opinion, in and out of Congress, for drastic revision of what Senator Bayh has called the "antiquated" and "ridiculously expensive" farm program.

If there has been a reluctance to enforce the payment limitation, there is a similar reluctance in the highest councils of the Administration to protect the 160-acre limitation on federal reclamation projects.

The water such companies as Boswell, Giffen and KCL use to produce their crops to produce their subsidies is dependent in large part on a series of dams constructed along rivers flowing out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The $10 billion invested by the government to irrigate 7 million acres of California land has skyrocketed land values, increased the value of crops and decreased water and power costs. These benefits for absentee landlords, given in the form of interest-free repayment of construction costs over a forty-year period, are obtained, in theory, only at a cost. The Reclamation Act of 1902 and subsequent amendments provide that water can be delivered to a farmer only if he agrees to sell off his holdings of more than 160 acres within ten years at prices which prevailed before importation of water. A requirement that landowners reside on their farmland has been blithely ignored since the law was enacted.

The intent of the law was clear—to prevent speculators and corporate farmers from monopolizing the land so that the benefits of cheap, imported water could be available to small homesteaders who needed them.

For years the limitation has chafed the outstretched hands of the landed gentry. Now with a far friendlier Administration they see their chance for some changes. Many of the farmers benefiting from the rich subsidy program are contending that four dams built east of the San Joaquin Valley were constructed for flood control and not reclamation. Flood control projects are not subject to the reclamation act.

Five years ago the government disagreed and filed suit against one of some twenty-five canal companies controlled by the Boswell interests, trying to apply the limitation to the 1.1 million acres of rich farmland served by the Kings River and the $34 million Pine Flat Dam. But that was another era when Democrats controlled the White House.

When the suit finally came to trial in early May, the government took a grand total of eighty-seven minutes presenting its case. The man who headed the Justice Department's team of attorneys was handed the case five days before it opened, a measure of the importance attached to it by the Administration. The defense argued, as it has for years, that the limitation does not apply. But if it does, they ingeniously contended, then an irrigation district could negate the limitation by paying out its share of irrigation benefits before signing a water delivery contract.

Two previous Attorneys General have ruled against "prepayment," but this is the first time it has been aired in the courts. For the rich, well-heeled corporate farmer such a ruling would be tantamount to wiping out the anti-speculative provisions of the law. No longer could the law be a tool to insure that benefits accrue to as many individuals as possible and not be monopolized by the wealthy or influential.

A ruling on the case is not expected for several months. But its impact will be far-reaching, applying to the other dams on the Kaweah, Tule and Kern Rivers. If the government's weak presentation were an isolated instance, it could be dismissed as perhaps an error in judgment or preparation. But when it is coupled with the Justice Department's decision not to appeal a recent decision which absolved farmers in the 450,000-acre Imperial Valley Irrigation District of the limitation, a pattern emerges, a pattern not likely to comfort those intent on slowing the growth of big farming. After all it was Richard Nixon who in 1949 pledged to protect the Imperial Valley growers and in 1962 called the limitation a dangerous step toward socialized agriculture.

It should comfort all those sipping from the public trough that under the Nixon Administration their subsidy checks will continue to roll in and the 160-acre limitation will be given a quiet but indecent burial. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 98)*

of the FBI, the FBI and the Bill of Rights, and the legal authority for the FBI's gathering of derogatory information.

Access to factual information about the bureau is difficult. Most books and articles on it, until recently at least, reflect the favorable results of public relations campaigns conducted with bureau cooperation. The only other available information comes from a few critical studies, a few former agents, and the documents recently taken from the bureau's office in Media, Pa.

The Committee for Public Justice asks your readers with reliable information about any aspect of the structure and activities of the FBI to provide us with information. We want to know about its internal and external operation. If a reader does not want his name used, we will not use it, though we ask that names be included in case further contact is necessary. If, however, anyone feels that he can only help anonymously, we shall accept such help. We ask only that we be provided with as much detail as possible to enable us to verify what we are told. Material should be sent to the Committee for Public Justice, 23 West 9 St., New York, N.Y. 10011. *Roger Wilkins, Chairman*

war is profitable

New Port Richey, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: The American plan for peace is to wait for the enemy to make a peace proposal, then we make a counterproposal that we know the enemy cannot accept. This way, we can say that we tried, but that the enemy's obstinacy is the cause of the continuation of the slaughter . . .

If this happened only once we could read some veracity in the acts, but it has happened many times, and peace did not come. The reason that peace does not come is that war is profitable to those in power. When we shall finally have taken all our (military) forces out of Vietnam, the industrial-military complex will have provoked conflict somewhere else so that we may continue our American way of life by making money with war tools and resources.

Pessimistic? Read contemporary history with an open mind. Forget slogans and symbols; face truths and then try to be an optimist. *John C. Veltman*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

How Do We Mean To Live Our Lives?

AFTER THE REVOLUTION? Authority in a Good Society. *By Robert A. Dahl. Yale University Press. 171 pp. $8.50.*

TODD GITLIN
Mr. Gitlin is co-author of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago *(Harper & Row), and author of "Local Pluralism as Theory and Ideology" in* Recent Sociology 1, *edited by Hans Dreitzel (Macmillan). He teaches at the New College of San Jose State College.*

American political theory throughout most of the sixties was dominated by pluralism—the belief that power in America is, and ought to be, dispersed among many social groupings, none of them overwhelming, and that a fair share of power is available to whatever sector chooses to organize for its slice of the pie. Camouflaged by empiricist trappings, pluralism was and is distinctly ideological: it sanctified the *status quo* and concealed its bias in definitions and methodology. Yet for all its misleading exaltation of the American order, pluralism oddly made sense of a historically specific truth: wrong about the distribution of power, it accounted for the distribution's *results*, the eerie stagnation and standoff of the fifties in which all social actors accepted the rules of the game. Pluralism was in tune with a social order distinguished by what was missing—concerted challenge to the existing structure of power. In the absence of challenge, any social system which is not obviously totalitarian appears to be in equilibrium and to lend itself to a pluralist description; the wheels go round, no one seems to be complaining, everyone seems to be getting an adequate payoff. "If anything was wrong," in Auden's words, "we should certainly have heard," and since nothing much was heard (at least by social scientists) about inequality in the distribution of power, nothing must have been wrong. So why not tag along with the pluralists when they claimed that all important social interests were equitably represented in the give and take of political trade-off?

C. Wright Mills and a handful of Marxist theorists disrupted the celebration by pointing the finger at a powerful elite. But if Mills and company were right, wouldn't their critique be embedded in reality? That is, wouldn't powerless people challenge the "power elite" and thereby force it to reveal the true dimensions of its power? Mills's critique dangled in abstraction.

Mills died in 1960 as the challenge he had called for was aborning. The next year Robert Dahl, a political scientist at Yale, published *Who Governs?*, a study of political decisions in New Haven which concluded that power was "noncumulative"—in other words, that power over one area of political life did not give any elite special power over other areas. *Who Governs?* and its companion writings became standard items for graduate study in the next few years, chapters in a new social-scientific Bible. Dahl's method was widely imitated and numerous studies were conducted, proving by a self-confirming logic that other towns and cities and indeed America as a whole were governed pluralistically. But at the moment of its seeming triumph, the reality base of pluralism was being eroded. A decade after the publication of *Who Governs?*, Mills's idea of a "power elite," or a "power structure," or a "ruling class" or a "governing class" has been incorporated into the common sense of a large and growing portion of the population. In the civil rights and anti-war movements and in campus struggles, aided by New Left critiques of pluralism, millions of political claimants have discovered or divined the reality of their powerlessness and, by the same token, the existence of an irresponsible upper stratum. And of course the Indochinese war has profoundly discredited pluralism, for haven't many sectors of the population taken to opposing the war, without effect? Ideology shakes when it no longer convincingly interprets reality—whereupon it must change, to account for the new reality, or die. At the very least, premises must be re-examined, arguments tightened up, and critics must be answered or assimilated if the ideology is to regain its legitimacy.

Robert Dahl's new book is clearly a response to the oppositional clamor, and a strangely ambiguous one. The title itself is a puzzle the book does not resolve: does Dahl look forward to "the revolution," or is he implying that the aftermath is a myth, or is he merely being coy? (The enigma is compounded by the fact that Yale University Press has wrapped the book in a jacket showing a headbanded young man waving what appears to be an NLF flag at a political rally; naturally, like the sexy cover of a Doris Lessing paperback, this has nothing whatsoever to do with the substance of the book.) His ambivalence haunts the book and informs it with the peculiar energy of a man trying to hold on to tradition yet leave it behind. On the one hand, he aims to refurbish a political theory of liberal democracy; on the other, incorporating a part of the radical critique, he wants to push past the limits of democratic theory as it has come to stultify American political discourse. The whole is unintegrated and finally unsuccessful, though in parts fascinating. But in all its ambivalence it might be a sign of a thaw in the liberal freeze—which is more than welcome, though the thaw is only beginning.

Pluralism has been both a statement of fact (America *is* pluralist) and a normative principle (any government *ought to be*); since the former has been rather thoroughly discredited, any revival of the theory must return to the wells of principle. This is the burden of the first, theoretical portion of Dahl's book. Not that Dahl announces his intention to resuscitate pluralism; rather, he moves back *before* pluralism, presenting his argument as an *a priori* exploration of the problem of legitimate authority. (Reading between the lines, we can easily imagine the kind of arguments his students have been throwing at him.) At the end he claims to have proved nothing more than that "no single form of authority is the most desirable in all associations . . ."—the candle seems unworthy of the game. But the excesses of his argument reveal with new clarity the biases of conservative political theory.

What shall justify authority? Dahl presents three criteria. The Criterion of Personal Choice is classical and fundamental, from Rousseau on down: simply that decisions correspond with one's personal choice. His second and third are more modern; Dahl deserves congratulations for the honesty with which he has codified two prejudices of authoritarian institutional life. His Criterion of Competence seeks "decisions informed by a special competence that would be less likely under alternative procedures." His Criterion of Economy emphasizes a decision-making procedure which "economizes on the amount of time, attention, and energy I must give to it."

About the first little need be said. It is the prime democratic principle and Dahl

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explores it nicely. He is properly sensitive to the need to secure minority rights by guaranteeing enclaves of autonomy within an overall system of interdependence, though he refrains from declaring whether those guarantees can in fact be granted "before the revolution." With regard to competence, Dahl resorts to the traditionally stultifying examples. Would you want the passengers to vote on the plane's or the ship's course? The patients to vote on the methods or criteria of surgery or the training of surgeons? "The fact that decision on some matter affects your interests in a vital way does not mean that it is necessarily rational for you to insist upon participating." True enough, but the trap lies in extending these analogies too far into the sphere of social decisions in general. The trap is especially well revealed when Dahl refers to the legitimate authority of parents over children; who could deny it? And yet one need not follow Wilhelm Reich in believing that all social pathology emanates from parental suppression of infantile sexuality to admit that children need guarantees against the repressive practices of the nuclear family. In society one does have the right to know the assumptions of the experts, to be aware of clashes among experts, to challenge them, and to choose other experts whose assumptions are more palatable. While Dahl fails to make this simple point, he does seem to realize that Competence can be used as an authoritarian club, for he adds, somewhat anticlimactically: "The Criterion of Competence is politically neutral. In itself it is neither prodemocratic nor anti-democratic. Its implications for democracy depend on one's judgment about the competence of the ordinary person." Well, that all depends, doesn't it? So Dahl must finally add the most important point: "Even if it does not make sense for the ordinary man to try to take over the ship, the plane, or the operating room, it makes a great deal of sense for him to try to make sure that he can participate as much as he feels necessary in the affairs of the state."

The Criterion of Economy is more troublesome yet. Time and effort are scarce resources, and some decisions will not wait. Surely this point has been overlooked, for example by New Leftists, unencumbered by job or family, who used to like to say, "Freedom is an endless meeting." Now that it is clear that an endless meeting is merely an endless meeting, we may be sympathetic with Dahl's concern that proliferating democratic bodies would make unconscionable claims on people's time. Yet while one's time is certainly finite, one's allocation of it is not a function of eternally fixed human nature. Rather, the availability of effective and participatory democratic structures could encourage individuals to devote their time to them. There would still be limits to the spread of anyone's participation (more time devoted to the work council would mean less available for the living unit, child-care center, school, etc.), but those limits would extend beyond the boundaries of what is at present considered a "rational" use of one's time. Structures should be all the more participatory to attract participants, on the principle (which Dahl does not discuss) that, at least up to a point, the quality of decisions can be improved by engaging the widest span of people. "The only cure for democracy," as the saying goes, "is more democracy."

The second section of *After the Revolution?* is less provocative, though again an index of Dahl's growth. It begins with his Principle of Affected Interests: "Everyone who is affected by the decisions of a government should have the right to participate in that government." Straight out of early SDS. Dahl wants to temper this principle with the claims of Competence and Economy, but nonetheless he feels "it is . . . not such a bad principle to start with. It gives people who believe themselves to be seriously affected by decisions at least a *prima facie* case for participating in those decisions and puts the burden of exclusion on those who wish to press the criteria of Competence and Economy against their claims." This is as it should be. The problem is that some interests are illegitimate—most strikingly, the claims of capital against labor, the claims of highways and middle-class high-rises against poor neighborhoods—and ought not to be accorded standing. Dahl does not offer criteria for judging the weight of respective claims—that a resident's voice matters more than an intruder's, for example, and the poor's more than the unpoor. So his schema is again damaged by abstraction and a kind of atavistic recourse to moral neutrality.

Elsewhere in this chapter Dahl argues that there are advantages to representative, referendum and committee democracy, and to delegated authority, but this discussion too is crippled by abstraction. Is it not clear by now, for example, that the main lines of foreign policy, especially military intervention, ought to be determined by referendum? (Nor does Dahl explore the possibilities of computerized voting, so that national decisions could be made, after media debate, from the living room.) Finally he turns warmly toward direct, primary or participatory democracy: "the claim and the vision have so much moral and psychological validity that it would be a pity, I think, if these recent demands . . . were to become simply another episode in the long history of failure to find viable units by which people can participate directly and effectively in shaping the decisions that affect them." But he argues persuasively that the smaller, the more participatory the governing unit, the less effective it may be. "To insist upon primary democracy as the exclusive form of democracy is to condemn 'the

AFTER LABOR DAY

They have gone not the sulphur-colored butterflies
but all the women and men swimmers
and river-soused kids

Under the ledge the pool lies cold after Labor Day
its depths veiled
but the sulphur butterflies
their wings fragiler than rice paper
tumble in the sun

Wind tear it loose from the first stripped birch
branch its yellow detritus
The wind tosses up the ribboning pale sulphur gusts
of butterflies

They shred away then coalesce again fitfully
and land on the hot sand at our feet

We lie on the sand watching them
our hair caught with leaves your long tanned leg against mine

wife

tied by what wry filaments
after the separations of summer?

Robert Nichols

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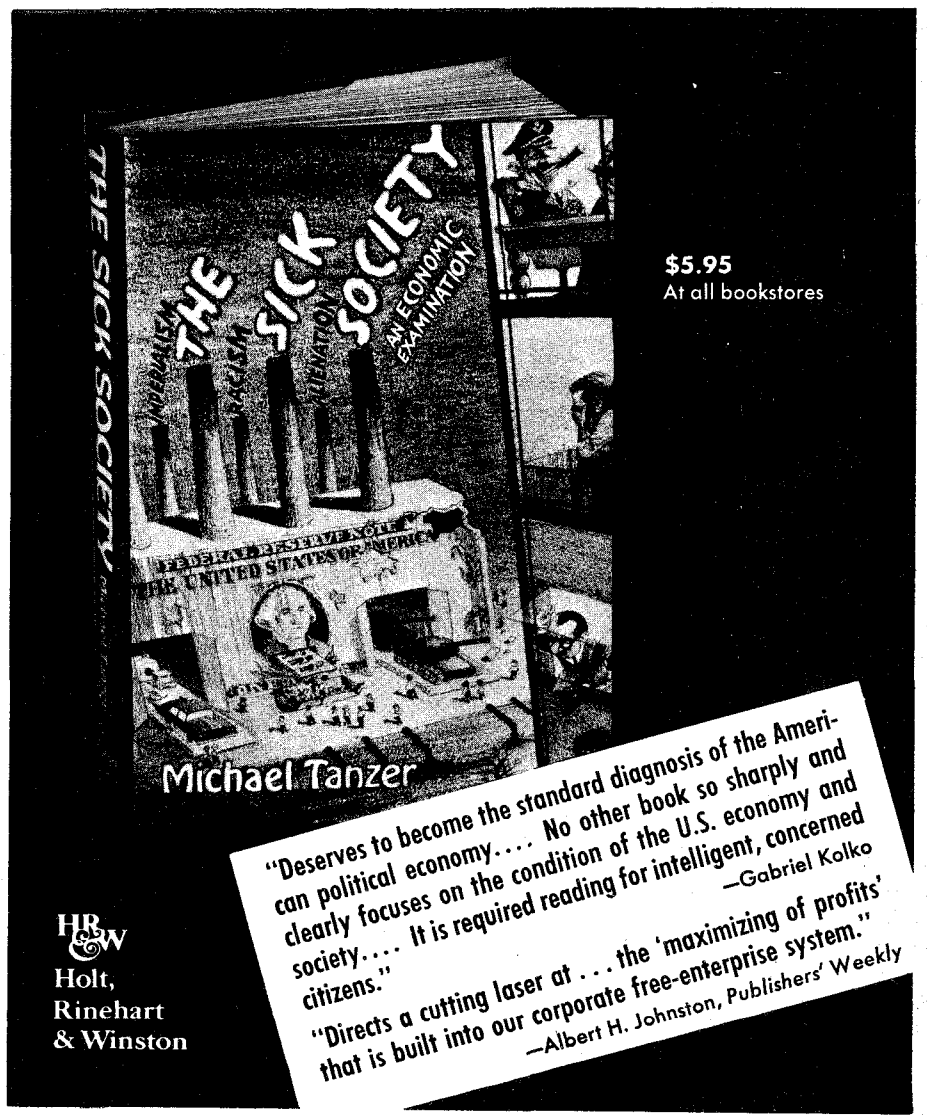
people' to impotence." True enough, and good general advice to designers of a new order, though it is a caution that could easily become stultifying in the wrong hands. For Dahl does not balance this caution with its contrary—that institutions must be forced to deal with the concerted demands of large numbers of victimized people, not merely with too easily manageable "spokesmen." If some of him is still on the side of efficiency and the convenience of power holders, he has at least one leg over the fence and is trying to get to the other side.

This awkward posture is all the more plain in the book's final section, in which Dahl faces specific social problems and plants his principles in real soil. Problem number one: inequality of resources. The pluralist now grants—but is it news? —that "the opportunity to make effective personal choices, and hence the degree of individual freedom and opportunity, are markedly unequal in the United States." In the absence of money, sheer numbers, if properly organized, may wield a certain influence, but substantial power follows the dollar. But Dahl's emphasis on this fatal flaw in democratic theory is weakened by his separation of this problem from the next—lack of power over work. Exclusion of the public from important institutional decisions—in other words, corporate capitalism and elite control of key institutions—*generates* inequality of resources and maintains it. The two problems must be solved together. Yet Dahl is unwilling to connect these matters with a systematic analysis of the relation between profit and wages, between control over the work process and remuneration. Instead, he steps aside with a sentence that nicely conveys the narrow framework within which he works:

> The greatest obstacle to democratization and reducing inequalities in the United States is not that bugbear with which the Left, old and new, is invariably so obsessed, an elite of wealthy men, or even that military-industrial complex so much referred to these days, but rather the military-industrial-financial-labor-farming-educational-professional-consumer-over and under thirty-lower/middle/upper class complex that, for want of a more appropriate name, might be called the American people.

Here is the recrudescence of pluralism, utterly innocent about the connection between the ruling class (by now adequately tracked down in the works of Gabriel Kolko and G. William Domhoff, and in innumerable supporting studies) and the, yes, bourgeois ideology which enmeshes other social sectors in accomplice roles. To blame the American people for inequality is like blaming the prisoners, the trusties, the guards and the bailiffs for the prison equally with the judges, the lawmakers, and the bureaucracies; and while that judgment is founded on a certain amount of truth, it is a partial and static truth *that can be overcome in practice* in the course of a revolutionary movement. But without a dialectical sense and a class analysis, Dahl's critique of inequality finally rings hollow. "The central point," he insists, "is that an optimal solution to the problem of authority in American society can never be found unless resources are distributed much more equally than at present." Well and good; but how is that happy condition to come about? Gradual enlightenment? State largess? (For all Dahl's understanding of the corporations' power over their workers, he has not considered the corporations' power over the state, the draining of the budget for services to the corporations and to compensate for the failures of the corporations, etc.) The pluralist's concession to the fact of inequality seems to require structural change on a scale that amounts in some sense to revolution; but Dahl does not want to entertain that possibility. Rather than discuss a route to utopia, he allows the utopia to glimmer like a mirage.

Problem number two: The corporate Leviathan. One of the strongest, indeed most obvious, radical criticisms of Dahl and other pluralists was that, by riveting their attention to *governmental* decisions, they missed the most blatant hierarchies of power: corporate control over work, product, income and self-image. Dahl has absorbed the point. "You would be hard put to find a more obvious candidate for testing against the criteria of Personal Choice, Competence, and Economy than the large privately owned business enterprise in the United States—and none whose government is, by these criteria, so lacking in legitimacy." He argues for workers' control over the decisions of economic enterprises, tempered by the rightful partici-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pation in corporate management of representatives of the public interests affected by investment, plant location, pollution, etc. This is a timely reminder to Socialists that the idea of participatory control must be rescued from its overlay of centralized authority.

Yet Dahl believes that the capitalism-socialism debate is "quaint and archaic." It is "foolish," he says, "to decide *a priori* that one form for governing economic enterprise is preferable to others in all circumstances." In this connection he comments on the inadequacy of the Socialist critique with its insistence on "public ownership" without troubling to formulate an anti-centralist, anti-bureaucratic definition of "public." His point is certainly well taken—too many Socialists have indeed been infatuated with central discipline and the nation-state—yet in his justified horror of Socialist centralization he concedes to the Socialist tradition only that it "helps to fill in some of the missing shades of the spectrum." The implication is that the other shades, the established ones, are legitimate. In counterposing the virtues of the market to the vices of central planning, he overlooks the possible uses of advanced two-way communications to coordinate production among different, decentralized enterprises and regions—which would avoid both the alienation and wastage of the market process and the political usurpation of central planners. Like many on the libertarian Right, Dahl confuses decentralization and the market, wholly scanting the Socialist critique of the "invisible hand" and ignoring the possibilities afforded by modern technology. His attraction for the market is more sentimental than convincing, and as for that other prime prop of capitalism, private ownership of the means of production, he has already shown its illegitimacy. What of capitalism remains to be preserved?

Yugoslavia is the closest thing Dahl can find to a model. There workers' councils along with public representatives make basic decisions and hire managers. The American Left needs to join the discussion of workers' control, which has some currency in England and Canada, and to sketch models of proper balance between the prerogatives of workers, consumers and other affected parties. It is to Dahl's credit that he has lent his weight to this preoccupation.

Unfortunately his concern is hedged not only by fondness for the market but by a certain class prejudice. "Quite possibly," he writes, "workers and trade unions are the greatest barriers at present to any profound reconstruction of economic enterprise in this country." He is right about the unions, which are organized to fit the template of corporate organization and prerogative, but the workers are another story. As evidence Dahl cites a study which claims to demonstrate that blue-collar workers want nothing more from their jobs than money; yet he excludes evidence of blue-collar concern over working conditions, safety, etc., which often erupts in wildcat strikes, political organizations like the black lung movement, and so forth. (As I write I have come across André Gorz's account—"Workers' Control," in *Socialist Revolution, Vol. I, No. 6*—of the postscript to the study Dahl cites, *The Affluent Worker,* by Goldthorpe, et. al. When Vauxhall militants secured and circulated copies of the sociologists' preliminary report, thousands of workers proceeded to riot against corporate management for two days. These were the workers who had been found so passive and uninterested in their working lives.)

The latter evidence does not, of course, wholly cancel the former, but it does argue that the blue-collar lethargy so chortled over by conservatives is a specific response to the specific class and work relations of capitalism. Again, Dahl's static model of social needs prevents him from seeing that needs may change, even dramatically, in the course of conscious social transformation; that alienation can be overcome, not overnight but in time. If one is sensitive to such considerations, it seems ridiculous to say that blue-collar workers prevent workers' control more than does the capitalist class. Indeed, could any reasonable combination of workers' control and public control be less responsible than corporate capitalism? Dahl's insistence on the "quaintness" of the capitalism-socialism debate prevents him from taking seriously a Marxist kind of analysis which would illuminate the relationship between socialized needs and social structure.

In the end, however, Dahl does hold out for genuine workers' control as against what he considers a more likely prospect, a kind of "interest group management" in which "public" representatives would serve, as Ralph Nader has urged, on corporate boards. Should this happen, the structure of power within the corporation would remain intact, and the "public" representatives would be responsible to nothing but their own consciences. But again, to imagine accountable public representatives together with workers' self-management is to imagine a sweeping social transformation in which a drive toward workers' control would be central though not sufficient. Dahl wants the result but cannot imagine the process.

Problem number three: The democratic Leviathan. Here Dahl points to problems of scale—the ungovernable megalopolis, the sheer magnitude of existing political units, which necessarily limit democratic participation. He is inclined toward an infrastructure of neighborhood government, the construction of cities of "intermediate" size, and the selection, by vote or lot, of representative advisory bodies for government officials. But while smaller functional units would certainly be indispensable in any overall reconstruction, much more is necessary. Dahl again ignores the potential uses of two-way media in inspiring participation and expediting referenda, and his references to the possibilities of neighborhood decentralization are curiously abstract. One wonders why he does not take the opportunity to say something about movements *in being* which seek precisely to secure neighborhood power—movements against urban renewal and for community con-

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trol of police, for example. Is it a fastidious distaste for the actual workings of actual movements? Or a prejudice, at odds with his insistence on decentralized authority, tacitly assuming that reforms must be implemented from the top down? Dahl's utopian intimations, like those of Paul Goodman and others, are considerably denatured by being severed from strategy.

Eventually, Dahl calls for a vision of a new city, and that is welcome. Indeed, throughout his book he has occupied a space left free by radical default: the space of concrete utopian speculation. No doubt some on the Left will be offended by Dahl's endorsement of workers' control, will even conclude that workers' control and decentralization must be tainted if so staunch an erstwhile enemy as Robert Dahl has seen fit to endorse them. But to blame Dahl for breaking through the limits of the pluralist world view, joining a discussion which the Left has too long neglected, would be a terrible mistake. The Left is too quick to set up barricades which seal it off in pristine purity and keep the liberals from entering what should be a general discussion. To dismiss Dahl because he is curt about the Socialist tradition is to prefer sentimentality and the rigidities of doctrine to practical political needs: in this case, the need for a richness and density of vision which overcomes the fear that there can be nothing new under the sun. To the extent that Dahl has taken seriously the radical critique and motion of the sixties and early seventies, his new work, with all its limits, should serve as a spur to radical speculation and activity, and help restore that vision without which socialism is only, as Durkheim said, a cry of pain, not also a beginning of human history. □

Books by Nation Contributors

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES FOR THE REVOLUTION. *By William Eastlake. Grove Press. 240 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.45.* Most of the prose sections first appeared in *The Nation* while Mr. Eastlake was serving as our correspondent in Indochina, including such memorable pieces as "Dragon Train to Singapore," "Our Lord in Vietnam" and "Death of Seven Zipperheads."

AGGRESSION: OUR ASIAN DISASTER. *By William L. Standard. Introduction by Wayne Morse. Random House. 228 pp. $6.95.* An excellent exposition of U.S. aggression in Vietnam, tracing the various illegalities step by step. The author, a distinguished lawyer, has been chairman of the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam since its inception in 1965.

RULES FOR RADICALS. *By Saul D. Alinsky. Random House. 196 pp. $6.95.* This country's leading hell-raiser—the polite term is "community organizer"—has set down some of the rules of the game. No one has had more experience or has been more successful at it than Alinsky. While he is very well known, some of his accomplishments are not. How many admirers of Cesar Chavez, for example, are aware that Chavez was recruited and trained as an organizer by Alinsky and his assistant Fred Ross? No one has a better hand with foundations than Alinsky. Trustees cringe when he appears at board meetings to ask for funds. If they fail to give him all he asks, they apologize and promise to do better next time. And for all that he strikes terror to the hearts of corporate bureaucrats, he is a very gentle, nice guy—that is, if you don't have to bargain with him. But one detects a subtle change in style: his first book was entitled *Reveille for Radicals*, the present one *Rules for Radicals*. What was then a faint hope resting on heroics has now become a science.

IT'S UP TO YOU: A Guide to Changing the System. *By Timothy J. Cooney and James Haughton. Ives Washburn. 104 pp. $4.25.* Readers of Alinsky's rules should not fail to study this extremely interesting and intelligent guide to changing the system. Both books have the same basic premise: the system can be changed, if you know how, if you work at it, and if you are not easily discouraged. Cooney and Haughton are not advocates of working within the system; they insist it must be changed. Both have had valuable first-hand experience in organizational activities. Mr. Cooney has written for *The Nation*.

CHANGING ART, CHANGING MAN. *By David Mandel. Horizon Press. 162 pp. $5.* An exploration of the relationship between art and life: "art changes man and man changes art." A growing interest in art certainly changed the author's life; he gave up a highly successful law practice in 1965 to work for peace—a cause in which he has been indefatigable—and to study aesthetics.

CALIFORNIA CLASSICS. *By Lawrence Clark Powell. The Ward Ritchie Press. 393 pp. $10.95. Paper $5.50.* Thirty-one essays by the former librarian at UCLA on California writers ranging from Louisa Smith Clapp's famous *Shirley Letters* to Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely*.

REQUIEM FOR DEMOCRACY? An Inquiry Into the Limits of Behavioral Control. *By Lewis M. Andrews and Marvin Karlins. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 148 pp. $5.95.* New Yorkers will be intrigued by Chapter 4: "Reflections on the American Character While Standing in a New York Subway," with its interesting juxtaposition of Paul Blackburn's poem "Meditations on the BMT" and George Tooker's well-known painting "The Subway." Mr. Andrews has written for *The Nation*.

THE MIDDLE EAST: Temple of Janus. *By Desmond Stewart. Doubleday & Co. 414 pp. $8.95.* After graduating from Trinity College, Oxford University, Desmond Stewart went to Baghdad in 1948 to teach Shakespeare to, among other pupils, Abdul Karim Kassem. The author is an expert on the Arab Middle East and has written about it, now and then, for *The Nation*.

REGULATING THE POOR: The Functions of Public Welfare. *By Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward. Pantheon Books. 389 pp. $10.* A classic dissection of "welfare," U.S.A. style. The authors' first pieces on the subject appeared in *The Nation*.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. *By J. Alvarez del Vayo. Hill & Wang. 371 pp. Paper $2.95.* A first-hand account of events during the Spanish Civil War by the Foreign Minister of the Republican Government and former foreign editor of *The Nation*, now back in print as a paperback.

THE ELUSIVE BONANZA. *By Chris Welles. E. P. Dutton. 256 pp. $7.95.* The definitive story of oil shale, a rich and neglected natural resource, about which the author has written for *The Nation*.

UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. *By Ruth Mulvey Harmer. Prentice-Hall. 384 pp. $6.95.* How agribusinessmen, in their pursuit of profits, have transformed farming into the violent science. The material in Chapter 6 first appeared in *The Nation*.

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JUSTICE AND EQUALITY. *By Hugo A. Bedau. Prentice-Hall. 192 pp. $7.95. Paper $2.95.* Papers edited by Mr. Bedau as part of the Central Issues in Philosophy Series. In a fine concluding essay on "Radical Egalitarianism," Mr. Bedau points out that "At any given time, some inequalities are bound to be socially necessary, others morally justified, and still others naturally necessary. We are and will remain surrounded both in fact and in theory, by inequalities of every sort. . . . For the truth of the matter is that almost every actual difference among men can be a source or basis of some justifiable inequality, if not in public then in private, if not in large matters then in small. The permanent task for the egalitarian remains one of scrutinizing existing inequalities among men in order to assure that they are based on justifiable (or at least unavoidable) differences, and to eliminate those which are not." Mr. Bedau is a *Nation* contributor.

REVOLUTION & EQUILIBRIUM. *By Barbara Deming. Grossman Publishers. 269 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.* A collection of Barbara Deming's political writings from 1960 to 1963. Versions of seven of the essays first appeared in *The Nation*, including such fine pieces as "Dialogues in Cuba" and "In the Birmingham Jail."

THE PAVERS AND THE PAVED. *By Ben Kelley. Donald W. Brown. 183 pp. $5.95.* An excellent study of the *real* cost of the federal highway program, a subject on which Mr. Kelley has written for *The Nation*.

NO VICTORY PARADES: The Return of the Vietnam Veterans. *By Murray Polner. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 169 pp. $5.95.* An in-depth study of the impact of the Vietnamese War on the men who fought it—a subject of major importance. "Never before in American history," writes the author, "have as many loyal and brave young men been as shabbily treated by the government that sent them to war; never before have so many of them questioned as much, as these veterans have, the essential rightness of what they were forced to do." The author has contributed to *The Nation*.

THE SECRET BOSS OF CALIFORNIA: The Life and High Times of Art Samish. *By Arthur H. Samish and Bob Thomas. Crown Publishers. 192 pp. $5.95.* A political document of rare importance. Mr. Samish was first presented to a national audience in an article about him which appeared in *The Nation* July 9, 1949. □

We Are All a Bit of an Ass

THE BREATH OF CLOWNS AND KINGS: Shakespeare's Early Comedies and Histories. *By Theodore Weiss. Atheneum Publishers. 339 pp. $10.*

THOMAS H. JAMESON
Mr. Jameson is professor of English at the College of Santa Fe in New Mexico. He is the author of The Hidden Shakespeare *(Funk & Wagnalls).*

Professor Weiss has written a loving, and I believe what will prove for many, a lovable book on ten early Shakespeare plays: *The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, The Taming of the Shrew, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, Richard III, Richard II, Henry IV* (Parts I and II) and *Twelfth Night*. It is in the good old tradition of the book by the university don, for where else but in the university is Shakespeare so closely read, pondered, returned to and loved—loved rather than used? Merely compare, for example, Jan Kott's knowing reference to the sexuality of donkeys in *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, a reference interesting enough but of zero use in illuminating *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (as Shakespeare wrote it), with Weiss's reminder that we are all a bit of an ass, Duke Theseus perhaps more than most.

Weiss professes several concerns in his book, but the one that is most consistently pursued is the tracing of family likenesses, whereby we learn, for example, that *Richard III*, "via" the breath it exhales, has closer kinship with *Love's Labour's Lost* than it does with its titular king, *Richard II*. "Shakespeare was the gardener to transplant and rearrange. Perhaps, therefore, one of the most astonishing and delightful aspects of his art is watching him at work from play to play, doing over and doing differently, thereby shedding new light in all directions, on work done as on work to come."

Although the eight chapters amount almost to a retelling of the plays, since the author is a poet as well as a scholar, they prove as rewarding as one's own *n*th rereading of the plays themselves. Fixed as we are apt to be in our own scenarios, probably they are more so—as rewarding as seeing the very finest of performances.

> Having wandered into a nighttime forest where everything, suddenly encountered, looms large—the bushes bristly; sprites in their sparkling atmosphere; the little creatures resonant among their grasses; those grasses and flowers themselves, singled out by the studious, cool moon—we are standing on hallowed ground. Druidically sacred, it is the sphere of midsummer, of moonlight, and of magical dreams. And we, once that wood's enchantment begins, are—spells, mirages, shades and all—at home in it, like shimmering midges in their hourlong shaft of sunlight. Pausing once by a field eye-deep in thickest moonlight, frightening almost for its loveliness, I felt the overpowering presence of another realm, an element in which unknown laws, strange customs, life intense as a humming bird's prevail. Was not this fieldful of dewy silver such life briefly visible? *A Midsummer Night's Dream* plots and proclaims that realm.

This is the Weiss who is an admirer of the Romantic critics for "the kind of creative concentration they have brought to bear on Shakespeare." It is the Weiss, too, who keeps clear of current dogmas, who is entirely master of what plays he chooses to consider or not to consider ("frankly [the] plays that most attract me"). If *Henry V* won't fit the pattern —and it would be a wonder if it did— *Henry V* is not considered. If what may be Shakespeare's greatest comedy, *As You Like It*, won't fit, it too is not heard from. Let someone else write a book where it is. On the other hand, *Twelfth Night*, despite a comparative paucity of connecting threads with other plays, supplies the final chapter, because of the "dying fall" of holiday doings and festivity. (Why is that dying fall absent in *As You Like It*, written or produced the same year?)

Since *The Breath of Clowns and Kings* is a work of gusto, and one does not talk about gusto, but illustrates it, I propose to devote the remaining space to extended quotation. I must only insert the warning that the passages to follow are representative only to a limited degree; the Weissean style does not uniformly keep to the heights. What are we to say of the all too frequent workaday writing such as this: "Yet even as he assumes victory, an impressive mark of Kate's prowess appears in Hortensio, his head broken by the lute she crowned him with. Petruchio, hearing of Kate's impatience and tart outburst, admiring her as one of his ilk, desires her the more and cries out . . ."? Weiss also has an unaccountable fondness for the instrumental "via," and he is not above an occasional "and/or."

Perhaps it is not accidental that Weiss

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writes best, to my thinking, about *Richard III*, for as he notes in his *Introduction*, "We are the plays' latest experience, the changed circumstances in which they must live." So he writes of "The Anarch Supreme": "Altogether temporal though he is, we feel the mythical power that he is really serving. The tension that this duality produces reflects again Shakespeare's genius for making the best of whatever worlds and modes are available to him, for playing one against another in the emergent harmony of one entirely convincing personality. Richard, we can say, fills his moment, his play's moment, the way he fills his own taut skin. Like his creator he makes a virtue, a passionate joy, of the given and the necessary. However, it is his roots in a past far beyond the medieval, his kinship with Cain, and the nourishment he derives therefrom, that give him this exultancy; and it encourages his illusion of freedom, which he mistakenly attributes to his 'aloneness,' his uniqueness." ". . . Imbued with a jollity, a most ingratiating recklessness." ". . . Richard possesses the voice of true, naked, personal feeling, and singly in his play possesses a mysterious interior life." He concludes with a theme introduced early in his book: "Having given life to Richard, Shakespeare would seem to have been breathlessly paced—given rich, surprising life in turn—by Richard. . . . Our creations create us. In addition to Richard's speech force—its urgency recommending the dramatic need of action, speed, and rapid change—Richard enabled Shakespeare, an actor also, to explore the skills of the consummate actor."

Well for Shakespeare, and for us, that the young word-intoxicated poet of the Sonnets and of *Venus and Adonis* was "obliged by fortune to work in the theatre, obliged to push his furiously verbal gifts in the direction of action, effective dramatic action, and immediate, condensed speech." In *Love's Labour's Lost* he had "embalm[ed] these glorious Mayflies and butterflies in the noblest, transparent amber, their own volubility. . . . out of pedantics press[ed] the sweetest wine!" Perhaps, as Weiss would have it, we were indeed spared "what early overwhelming Mallarmé or super Dylan Thomas, not to say English Gongora."

And yet for all that, one of the charms of the book is the writer's own love of gorgeous language, of rhetoric—of bravura passages such as the description of the voice of the hounds in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

> How daringly, as if on the swing of their cry, Theseus sweeps from their ears and the morning dew to Thessalian bulls (can one deny the outrageous lovely pun of 'dewlapped'?) and then, the sound itself welling out, to the reverberatory 'matched in mouth like bells,/Each under each,' with its splendid leveling off of rime from 'bulls' to 'bells,' still ringing as it fades out in 'tun*able*.' Also, those hounds, ugly as they are, 'so flewed, so sanded,' with heads and ears so low-slung they mingle with the morning dew, are lovely too, close fellows of Bottom just a dulcet bray and a dew-bedabbled ear away.

What distinguishes Weiss from most of us is his almost total susceptibility to make-believe. It is this, for instance, that keeps him from taking sides in the Falstaff controversy. For all his common sense, Falstaff is a moonman, partaking of "the intoxicating mystery of earth." He has captivated a prince by converting the dinginess of a tavern into glamour. "Yet the fragility of that ambience is clear enough. Meant to live only in the moon's tenuous realm, Falstaff's is indeed an exiguous kingdom, one, like the fairy and lover's world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in danger of being swept away by the first intruding beams of daylight."

I wrote of Weiss's almost total susceptibility to make-believe, yet it must be hard for someone whose life is spent expounding, rather than staging or directing, plays not occasionally to succumb to the Idols of the Lecture Hall. Weiss succumbs at least once when he remarks that Prince Hal "quickly sees and learns to avoid" the dangers of a fiery, unreckoning temperament such as Hotspur's. In actuality Hal never meets Hotspur until he kills him in battle; the things he had heard about him led him on one occasion to toss off certain farcical lines at his "rival's" expense. Heroics thrive on such matter. When Hal has something to learn, Shakespeare shows him learning—the bitter lessons of Part II. It must be clear, however, that it is hard to find fault in a serious way with a book of this originality and charm. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

For some time now, the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music has been a problematic affair. In the Society's early days, when performances of unconventional new music were fairly uncommon in most countries, these occasions brought forth important premières by the likes of Bartók, Schoenberg, Berg and Stravinsky. More recently, with figures of similar eminence—in Europe, at least—amply supplied with commissions and state-supported first performances, and with the Society's membership enlarged to more than twenty member countries, the emphasis has shifted to younger composers and to a panoramic view of the styles fashionable in smaller nations. The result, as manifest in this year's event, held in London earlier this summer, is an emphasis on epigonery, dashed with occasional incompetence.

Hardly any of Europe's major figures appeared on the program: Stockhausen offered a new work in Berlin during the same week; Boulez turned up shortly thereafter to tour the Continent with a British ensemble in programs including some of his later works; and Penderecki's newest piece had just been heard in Münster (I caught it later in Vienna—a completion of the *Utrenja* played last fall in New York, lengthier but no more substantial, if somewhat better performed). The London programs did include a recent Chamber Concerto by Ligeti, rather diffuse by his standards, but his presence

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and Penderecki's were more palpable in terms of influence than direct product. It would perhaps be unfair to say that there was a typical ISCM piece this year, but a striking number of the works performed owed something to a model in which a tone cluster is built by gradually adding notes on either side of a single initial pitch—a sonic and structural ideal common to widely disseminated works by Penderecki and Ligeti in particular. The model's possibilities for coloristic variation are inherently more versatile than its structural suggestiveness, and some pretty sounds did indeed turn up on occasion. But the general range of jury selections at the festival testified to a limited interest on the part of Continental composers in musical cohesion.

More rewarding was the selection offered on behalf of the host country, Great Britain. Aside from Peter Maxwell Davies' *Revelation and Fall* (already widely circulated on records—Angel 36558—thereby illustrating the problematic function of these festivals today), there was a substantial and traditionally solid string quartet (No. 2) by Hugh Wood, three theatre pieces by Alexander Goehr (mixing mime, song and dance, although not always in a convincing interplay, for the music often outpaced the visual elements in density and interest), Harrison Birtwistle's highly detailed if structurally uncertain *Imaginary Landscape* for orchestra, and well-constructed works by such as Elisabeth Lutyens, Justin Connolly and the late Roberto Gerhard. Even without representation of the likes of Britten and Tippett, this segment of the festival suggested something of the range and vitality of British musical life. The financial provisions for the festival were less lavish than on some past occasions, and a single somewhat overworked pool of players (the London Sinfonietta) was responsible for by far the largest part of the performances. The BBC contributed an orchestral concert under Boulez (including the Birtwistle work) and also a studio concert by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, which performed nobly under the direction of Frederik Prausnitz in five scores, all new to both conductor and orchestra.

Two concerts in Florence were all that I heard of Boulez's European tour with the London Sinfonietta, and these included some of the same disquieting aspects of his operation that one has noted on occasion in New York—most particularly in an under-rehearsed performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* with a grotesquely inadequate *récitante* (limited pitch range, absurd Spanish accent, and inadequate volume, raised by amplification to a par with the instrumental ensemble). On the other hand, one could hear a brilliant reading of the Berg Chamber Concerto (with excellent soloists Georges Pludermacher and Sachko Gavriloff), far more intense and pointed than on his Columbia recording. The conductor's own *Domaines* offered ample opportunities for the clarinetist (Alan Hacker, one of the day's great instrumentalists), framed by divertimento-like material for the ensemble, and set forth in an aleatory spatial format. More substantial in its integration of spatial layout with structure was Birtwistle's *Refrains and Choruses*, which made good use of the Sinfonietta's strongest elements, its wind and brass sections.

Much remarked on by the Florence audience was Boulez's supposed "coldness" as a conductor—an observation which upon examination generally reduced itself to the thought that he does little on stage but conduct (in the literal sense) the musicians; the idea that a conductor's primary fuction is vis-à-vis the players seems to have become obscured in recent years and Boulez's craftsmanlike approach to the visual aspects of his trade may prove to be a "public relations" problem in New York. (That the problem is hardly a local one could be seen from the rapturous applause that greeted a vulgar but extravagantly choreographed performance of *La Mer* led by Georges Prêtre in Rome a few days later—the same conductor who, earlier in the program, his nose buried in the score, led a reasonably effective reading of Stravinsky's *Persephone*, a beautiful score everlastingly marred by the stop-and-go textures necessitated by its spoken passages.) □

THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY

We have been through them now,
the silver
anniversaries: VE-Day,
the Bomb, the wreck
of Japan, all
misted in quaintness—and still
the bombers make their runs
on the faithful targets,
GI's inch through torn
jungles, somewhere at sea, gray
ships lob shells at the
horizon—it
is all a memory
of old men:
the brave planes limping home,
balding heroes sending
their sons to glory, the bleeding
always the same, like father
like son, breastplate
and buckler rusting
in a dream of blood we
move through, open-eyed,
sons of our dreaming fathers,
waiting for all the memories
to wither.

Philip Appleman

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The decorative style of the 1920s and 1930s, after some hesitations, is getting to be called Art Deco, and this is what a big exhibition of the products of the period at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (until September 5) is entitled. Although a taste for the period has outdistanced the study of it, we are clearly out of the camp phase. By that I mean both enthusiasm for minor traces of the style and the suspicion of conservatives that any interest in the subject at all is frivolous. Art Deco can be recognized as a legible historical unit as well as being a constituent of the urban landscape, from the Chrysler Building to *early* Horn and Hardart. It is a part of the continuous desire of the 19th and 20th centuries for a unified style, spanning all the arts, and distributed on an industrial (i.e., democratic) scale. The term Art Deco derives from the now momentous but until recently scorned or forgotten Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, held in Paris, all over Paris, in 1925.

If we compare Art Deco horizontally with other geometric art styles between the wars, the Bauhaus, De Stijl, and Constructivism, it is clear that Art Deco goes in for a non-severe geometry and a non-severe use of new materials. It is, in some respects, a prolongation of the geometric side of *Art Nouveau* (C. R. Mackintosh in Glasgow, Josef Hoffman in Vienna). The ebullience of a rigidified *Art Nouveau*, found in luxurious chalices and mass-produced teapots, earned the style's rejection by reformist geometricians. Now that severe geometry has been either left behind in the first half of the 20th century or assimilated into current commercial building, the absoluteness of a few Euclidean forms is less commanding. Hence the pleasure we are free to take in Art Deco's inventory of zigzags, short arcs, fluted surfaces, steps, sunrays, blunt curves, and scooped planes in reckless conjunction.

There are connections with the rest of the modern movement however: Kandin-

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Grandmother:
domestic worker
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sky's later abstract paintings and Oskar Schlemmer's robots, both at the Bauhaus, have respectively the geometric garrulity and the streamlining of contrasted aspects of Art Deco. Cubist sculpture in bronze or stone, which is so awkward in its translation of transparent and flat planes into solid form, slips into place if viewed not as expressive art but as modernist decoration (Archipenko, Laurens, Lipchitz).

The 1,400-odd exhibits at Minneapolis demonstrate the ubiquity of the style: it includes enameled cigarette cases (in a kind of zippy Romanesque) and bookbindings (very streamlined); there is furniture by Donald Deskey from Radio City Music Hall and by Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann, the bland sculptural masses of which typify high style as opposed to the public glamour of leisure architecture. Also in high style is the silver of Jean Puiforcat (chaste and massive) which, like René Lalique's glassware, monumentalizes utensils. Lalique's rounded and cloudy glass seems to hold the light, slowing it down to a sluggish substance. There is a good group of tightly designed bronze medallions by French and American artists with a range of Parnassian and technological subjects. An odd omission, one of the few well-remembered architects and designers of early modern to contribute to Art Deco, is Alvar Aalto.

The show includes a good deal of popular material, such as clothes, wallpaper, sheet music, periodicals (a perfunctory sample), ceramics (mass produced and coarse). I am all for using such material in principle, but inclusiveness does not mean a suspension of discrimination. The organizer of the show, Bevis Hillier, dismisses "the old art historians' game of chopping up art into rigid categories" and presents us with an Art Deco continuum grouped by object and medium. The unity of a period is a legitimate subject for an exhibition, of course, particularly with a newly recovered style like Art Deco, but Hillier has not achieved it.

Many of the objects that he has chosen differ in time from one another in one of two ways. First, some were designed for long-term use and others for rapid consumption: as a result we can approach the former on terms compatible with their original use (Puiforcat, Ruhlmann), whereas the latter survive as documents or relics beyond their time span. Secondly, different media reveal what George Kubler has called "different systematic ages"; that is to say, if objects are viewed as episodes in a developing series, they manifest different stages of development. There is a real incongruity between, say, the photographs of movie theatre foyers built in the 30s, which are classics of threshold architecture, and the plaster figures in the show which represent the degeneration of a form. I don't mean by this that they are not Meissen, or even Staffordshire; I mean that, compared to the mass-produced pottery sculpture of 19th-century America, they are run-down. Thus there is a centrifugal pressure in the show which a more rigorous selection and matching of time rates would have avoided. The comparative unfamiliarity and abundance of the period seems to have swamped Hillier, but the show was well worth doing. The institute is to be congratulated on the scale of the exhibition and for the copiously illustrated catalogue. This has a good bibliography but Hillier seems unfamiliar with the literature to judge from the small scale of his own references.

It has been said (by Hillier among others) that the revival of Art Deco, like *Art Nouveau* before it, was inevitable once it receded far enough in time to solidify into a nostalgic entity. This interpretation seems too pat and perhaps the revival is better seen in relation to the general increase of information in our time. Improved research techniques have brought the past into more exacting focus and the recent past, as it links to the present, has become subject to immediate documentation, from Françoise Gilot's book on Picasso to *The Pentagon Papers*. It is possible now to see the present, the recent past, and the past in similar terms, free of the slogans of modernity. Ideas of historical continuity have replaced the early 20th-century idea of antagonistic poles of the modern present versus the traditional past. One result of all this is that the recognition of new styles and the reinterpretation of recent ones, like Art Deco, are documented with an ever decreasing time lag. In 1967, when I wrote about Roy Lichtenstein's "Modern Painting" series, I did not know what to call the style he was quoting, and neither did he. Four years later the source, which he was early to revive, is public knowledge. □

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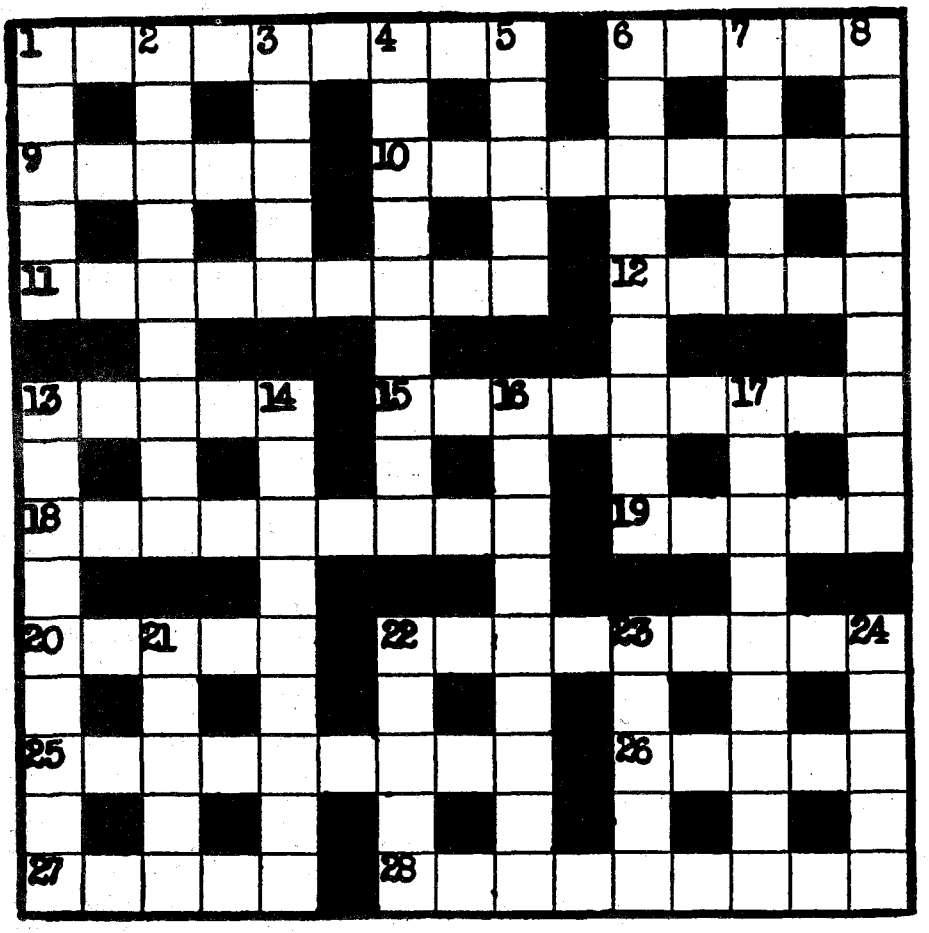
Crossword Puzzle No. 1404

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Silverware heists in the trucking business? (4,5)
6 A certain type might be, as the joint is, commonly. (5)
9 Certainly not a heavy beam. (5)
10 Softening the feeling of green lint, perhaps. (9)
11 The treasury sounds like one that used to keep track of things. (9)
12 This animal should be very 9. (5)
13 Cheat a little? How sweet! (5)
15 Safe ice, it seems, turns sour. (9)
18 Tire lines capable of being stretched. (9)
19 Takes hold of the stagehands? (5)
20 Goad coming to the point of reject. (5)
22 Look at Arthur, in giant size! Part of old Germany there! (9)
25 He probably has quite a collection of records. (9)
26 Alert for what the boat may leave. (5)
27 Belgian city subject. (5)
28 Gets into the habit again? Rights wrong! (9)

DOWN

1 A self-made sham. (5)
2 Those who put their rulers away? (9)
3 Turner is responsible for French and English articles. (5)
4 Systematically state something in place of a Greek letter of recent period. (9)
5 Sunny? (5)
6 Wrong doing Conn. might be overlooking. (9)
7 Shoot one that follows. (5)
8 The soldier's get-up in clothes wanders away from the main purpose. (9)
13 Take preventative measures concerning the wood and everything. (9)
14 You have to admit some brier is sort of inelegant. (9)
16 Committed with confidence and faith, in dire need. (9)
17 Silica, or soda, or lime—as a true statement. (Or mica!) (9)
21 Relative concession of defeat by it? (5)
22 One responsible for an essay in a West German city? (5)
23 A mental picture of one sort of game? (5)
24 Helps make a wager in like surroundings. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1403

ACROSS: 1 Sufficient; 6 Pelf; 10 Fragile; 11 Monsoon; 12 Tets; 13 Landladies; 15 Incited; 16 Chianti; 17 Nebulae; 20 Opening; 22 Metallurgy; 23 Bloc; 25 Easeful; 26 Nelumbo; 27 Stew; 28 Synchronal. DOWN: 1 Safety in numbers; 2 Frantic; 3 Ibid; 4 Ireland; 5 Nomadic; 7 Emotion; 8 Finishing school; 9 Inhabited; 14 Still life; 18 Batiste; 19 Equality; 20 Organic; 21 Ill omen; 24 Slur.

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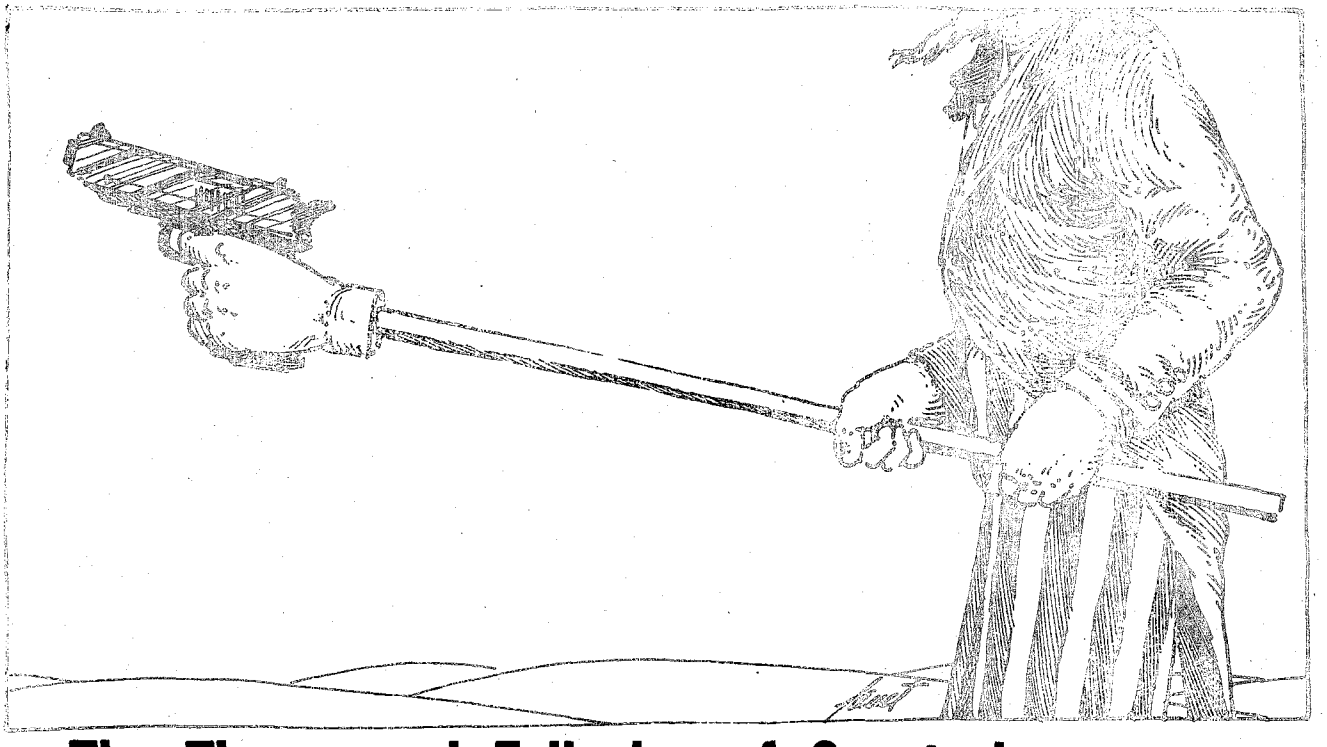

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